The Motoh

No. 897.-Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



ONCE WEDDED TO A COMMON SOLDIER AS A PUNISHMENT: THE FIVE TIMES MARRIED EMPRESS TAITU OF ABYSSINIA.

Like Cleopatra—the "non humilis mulier" of Horace—or the late Dowager Empress of China, the Empress Taitu, wife of Menelik of Abyssinia, belongs to the order of those imperious and intriguing women set in high places who constantly recur in history. She was wedded to the late Negus in 1883, he being her fifth husband, for her experience of marriage had already been various. Her first husband was one of King Theodore's generals; her second, a common soldier, was inflicted upon her as a penalty by that ruler when he imprisoned her first. Divorced from her second, she married a third husband, who in turn was imprisoned, whereupon she entered a convent. Then she returned to the world and married a fourth. He was disposed of in some way or other, and she then married Menelik II. It is evidence of her forceful character that, when he discovered her intrigues to succeed him, in the absence of an heir, he found it necessary to proclaim his grandson as his successor, and to pronounce a solemn curse against all who might transgress this decree. It is said that the guardians of the young Prince have deposed the Empress and caused her to quit the imperial palace.

We may add that the news of Menelik's death last week (an event reported many times since 1877) has since been once more alleged to be premature. Probably, when he really does die, nobody will believe it,



"INVEST . ME . IN . MY . MOTLEY; GIVE . ME . LEAVE . TO . SPEAK . MY . MIND"

The First of April.

I am writing on the First of April. I am always rather sorry that it should have happened to be on the First of April that Noah, our over-

crowded and doubtless somewhat irritable ancestor, amused himself by letting the dove out of the window of the Ark when there was not a twig above water on which she might perch, or a solitary insect in existence which she might eat. In this heartless joke, as you are probably aware, friend the reader, originated All Fools' Day. April is far too sweet a month to be ushered in with practical jokes, especially when these, as in the case of the dove, take an offensively personal form. I do not mind what liberties you take with March, even though he behaves himself so prettily as he did in the year nineteen hundred and ten. We have given March a bad name, and it will stick to him. We have given April a delightful name, a name steeped in poetic significance, and, treat us as badly as she may, we shall continue to love her just the same to the end. Unjust, if you like, but I see no reason why the general injustice of the World of Men and the World of Nature should not be extended to the World of Months. After all, they are but members of the Year's family; family life was ever a complex and unjust business. Besides, it is only right that we should pay marked respect to April as the Year's first-born.

Talking of the injustice of family life reminds Unwieldy me that it was the fashion, during the second Families. half of the last century, to have families of such an unwieldy size that the mother wore a worried look from morning till night, the father went about with a face like corrugated iron, and the children were hardened pessimists from the age of six. This condition of things scarcely made for cheerfulness. So far as I can understand, it did nothing at all beyond keeping up the birth-rate. The birth-rate is an amazing thing that must, apparently, be maintained at the highest possible level at whatever cost to the community and the individual. I have never been able to understand why our prestige as a nation should depend upon a higher and still higher birth-rate. Will some good-natured reader kindly solve for me this perplexing problem? Pending the solution, it seems to me that you might as well assign the honour of being the first dog-breeder in the country to the man who breeds the largest number of dogs. Believe me, I am not dealing with this very serious subject, although I happen to be writing on the First of April, in a flippant mood. It is on the First of April, when Nature's year begins, that we should take stock of our physical and mental resources. Will the falling birth-rate gravely affect our assets twenty-five years hence? I think not.

Whenever I read in one of the lighter daily "Scene in the newspapers a running description of the over-House." night debate in the House of Commons, I always wonder how the people who have made it their business to conduct the affairs of the country manage to get through one single session without becoming the victims of nervous breakdown. "Rapidly the Home Secretary worked the House to a state of heat, and shouts and counter-shouts were soon springing from both sides. He stepped to and fro in front of the despatch-box, exciting himself as well as the Assembly." Now, you know, this must be very bad for the honourable members of the Assembly. (I speak entirely without prejudice: the report distinctly says that the whole House was worked to a state of heat.) One cannot help thinking that our business might be conducted just as ably if these entirely wellmeaning people remained calm. Listen once more: "Passion was in almost every sentence of Mr. Churchill. Again and again he emphasised a vicious phrase by darting his head out snakelike at the Unionists in front of him. Once, when he was speaking of the arduous labours, night and day, of last Session, and of how, month after month, members tramped through the lobbies, a Unionist member laughed. Rage flashed from the Home Secretary. He flung out a finger at the interrupter, and almost screamed, 'You, a new member, laugh at it, laugh at this shameless degradation—(Uproar)—of the instrument which secures our liberties.' Liberals and Labour members cheered wildly."

How to Spring without Danger.

"Later," the report continues, "Mr. Balfour sprang up." I should like to caution Mr. Balfour against these antelopian proceedings.

Any doctor will tell him that, except in the case of a very young person, it is highly dangerous to spring from a semi-recumbent position to a standing posture. Sudden and violent movements such as this cause a rush of blood to the brain. If the brain is already more than supplied with blood, consequent upon the previous excitement, let us say, of listening to an inflammatory speech, the result might very well be extremely serious. If, for the sake of dramatic effect, it is obligatory on statesmen to spring to their feet from the rather low benches of the House of Commons, I would suggest, with all possible deference, that the seats of Cabinet Ministers, at any rate, should be fitted with a powerful spring that could be released at the right moment by the mere pressure of a button. There might also be a net in the centre of the floor of the House for the catching of arms and fingers flung by excited speakers at the opposing force.

A very pleasant little affair, marred by one My Soliloquy in unfortunate incident, took place at a London Public. restaurant on an evening of last week. The pleasant little affair was a dinner given to themselves and their friends by the past and present editors and contributors of the Isis, the famous journal run by the undergraduates of Oxford University. The one unfortunate incident marring the occasion was my soliloquy I need not remind you, friend the reader, that it is no habit of mine to make speeches. When I have anything to say, I am all for the written word and the quietness of my own room. At the Isis dinner, however, matters had been so arranged that it would have been extremely ungracious of me had I not risen to my feet and spoken something aloud. I took refuge, therefore, in what Mr. Mostyn Pigott, who was in the chair and made eleven excellent speeches, afterwards described as a soliloquy. The word was very happy: Pigott has a genius for the selection of happy words. I had soliloquised, but soliloquies are dangerous things-in public. I reflected, in the hearing of all, that the sum of sevenand-sixpence had been owing to me by the paper for about fifteen years, and I gave the facts. I now desire to say, through the medium of the written word and in the quietness of my own room, that this was distinctly ungracious. And I soliloquise, in public, no more.

An Idyll at the Playhouse.

May I, in this very small corner, exceed my instructions, and tell those of my readers who have a feeling for the poetry of life of a very beautiful little play that may be seen at intermittent matinées in a London theatre? The theatre is the Playhouse, the play is "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," and the author is Mr. Austin Strong. As the Toymaker, Mr. Cyril Maude has an old-man part which he plays as nobody else could play it on our stage, His daughter, Miss Margery Maude, begins in the part of the Girl a career that should be as notable as that of her mother, whom we all love. For the rest, I can only urge you to go to "The Toymaker." If you do not have an afternoon in a thousand, you may call and kill me.

THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB BEFORE IT IS BUILT!



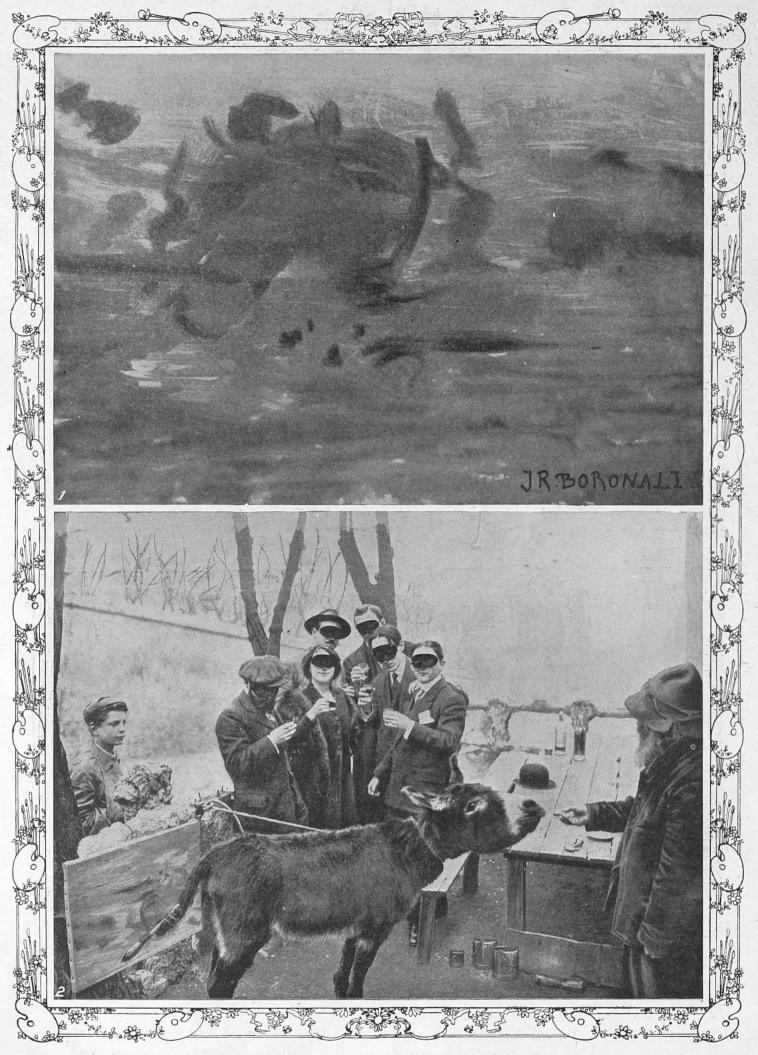
1. THE CLUB-ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR, WITH ITS GEORGIAN CEILING — IN MODEL FORM.

2. THE MARBLE SWIMMING-BATH IN THE BASEMENT — IN MODEL FORM.

The new Royal Automobile Club has a frontage on Pall Mail of 230 feet, with an average depth of 150 feet. It is expected that it will be finished within a year; and the total cost will be a quarter of a million pounds. The ground floor will be taken up by the three chief club-rooms—a large dining-room, a club-room, and a large hall, or reception-room. The various other apartments need not be detailed; but it may be said that there will be about one hundred bed-rooms, and that on the basement floor will be a 90 feet by 30 feet marble swimming-bath, a Turkish bath, a gymnasium, and three racquet-courts. For the club-room, it is proposed to use the Georgian ceiling taken from the cld War Office buildings. The joint architects are Messrs. Mewes and Davis and E. Keynes Purchase, F.R.I.B.A.—[Photographs by Smith.]

BY THE MOST INDEPENDENT OF THE INDEPENDENTS:

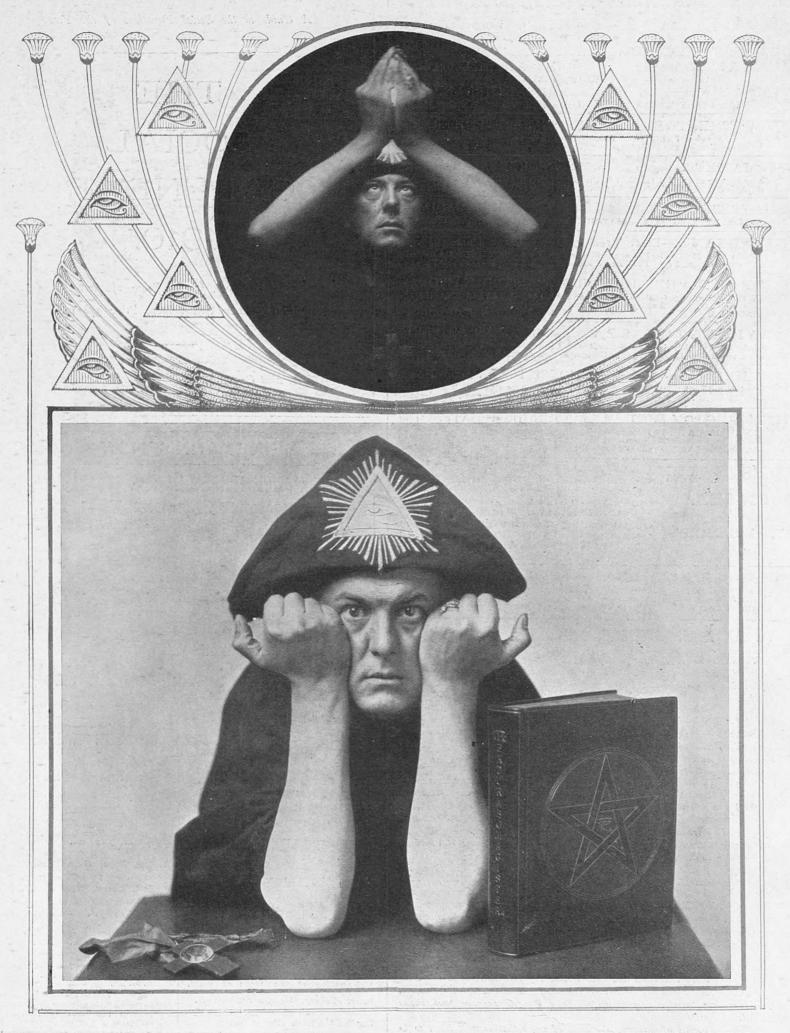
A REMARKABLE WORK BY J. R. BORONALI, A.S.S.



1. "SUNRISE ON THE ADRIATIC," BY J. R. BORONALI, SHOWN AT THE SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, IN PARIS.
2. J. R. BORONALI PAINTING THE PICTURE BY WAVING HIS TAIL, TO WHICH A PAINT BRUSH HAS BEEN ATTACHED.

It is a rule of the Society of Independent Artists that any picture by a member must be hung. Desirous of satirising some of the extraordinary canvases that find places during exhibitions held under this rule, an ingenious artist sent to the last show a canvas called "Sunrise on the Adriatic," which purported to be by J. R. Boronali, and, a mixture of blue, red, green, and yellow, was more impressionistic than anything that had been shown before. Later, it turned out that it had been painted by a donkey. A brush was attached to the ass's tail, dipped in colour at intervals, and applied to the canvas by the waving of the tail. The letters of the word "Boronali" rearranged read "Aliboron," the vernacular for "ass."—[Photographs by Fantasir.]

A MODERN MYSTIC: A ROSICRUCIAN OF TO - DAY.



THE EDITOR OF "THE EQUINOX, THE REVIEW OF SCIENTIFIC ILLUMINISM": MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

The original Rosicrucians, members of a supposed secret society said to have been founded by Christian Rosenkreuz (Rose Cross), in 1459, and first described in an anonymous work published at Cassel somewhere about 1614, are reported to have claimed exceptional knowledge of the secrets of nature, especially with regard to the transmutation of metals, and the way to prolong life, and are further said to have been able to heal the sick in mystical manner, and to have aided the poor by turning base metals into gold. Later, rumour asserted that the work issued from Cassel was written by Johann Valentine Andreæ (1586-1654), a pastor of Stuttgart, in order that ridicule might be cast on the liking for mystery and secret doctrines that was so prevalent at that time. Andreæ, however, denied the authorship of the book. It is worth noting, perhaps, that in Freemasonry there is an order, or degree, called the Rosy Cross. The Rosicrucians in their present form came into being in 1888, to study mystical philosophy and mysteries of antiquity. Whether they claim the knowledge that was claimed by the members of the original order we cannot say. The chief of the order is Mr. Macgregor, who was plaintiff in a recent copyright action against Mr. Crowley, editor of "The Equinox." Mr. Crowley is well known as a poet.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be

TO AUTHORS .- The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of

each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES .- Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.
All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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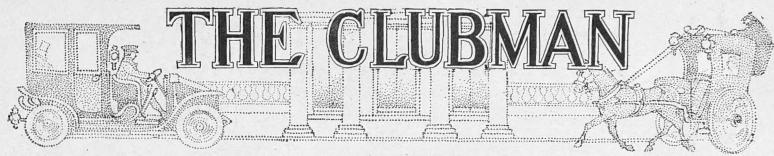
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After all the prophecies of a very cold Easter-A Sunny Easter. tide and a rush of people to the South of France in search of the sun, the Easter of 1910, the earliest Easter that the calendar allows, was as sunny and as warm as midsummer. Sunday in the Hampshire village where I spent my Paschal holiday began in white mist—that mist which generally

heralds a very fine day. The haze was thinning, but had not cleared away when our village bells were ringing for morning church, and in the white stillness the sounds of Salvation Army bands in villages across the common-land of furze and heath, and the bells of other villages miles and miles away could be heard, distance softening the harshness of the music and harmonising all the chimes. Cowslips and daffodils made the altar-rails and the rood-screen and the pulpit yellow and orange, and hot-house flowers from the conservatories of the big houses in the village put pink and white into the scheme of colour. When church was over the sun was shining with real warmth; but all the quickset hedges, brown with unburst buds, twinkled with the dewdrops left behind by the mist.

Of the Territorials, who were working hard on some of the Territorial Manœuvres. great manœuvre grounds in Berkshire and Hampshire, we saw nothing, except a few non-commissioned officers on bicycles, very earnest and in a very great hurry, who were, I fancy, on a "staff ride" following up an country, the earlier ones will remind the spectator that England has before now been successfully invaded—a fact we all are apt to forget. I hope that Mr. Benson, the Pageant-master, is picking his men very carefully for the Tenth Legion. The reputation of no

other body of fighting-men has kept so green as has that of this splendid corps of invincibles. Perhaps Napoleon's Old Guard comes nearest to them as men who knew how to die but not how to surrender.

Amongst the battles we are to

Some Famous

be shown at the Army Pageant Battles. are Dettingen, Minden, Corunna, and Badajos. Dettingen was a battle in which an English King, George II., was himself in supreme command. There was a charge of the French cavalry in this battle under the Duc de Grammont, which is as splendid as any charge in military history, but which was repulsed by the British infantry, who held their ground with much resolution. Minden was the rose battle, for the British infantry advancing to the attack gathered roses as they went, and stuck them in the bands of their shakos. In this battle we shall see that stout old General, the Marquess of Granby, whose head has served as a sign for so many public-houses. Corunna was the last battle of that best beloved of all Generals, Sir John Moore. He stood to face Soult while waiting for the transports to come up. When his sword became entangled in the terrible wound he had received he told the



PLANTED IN 1904, TAPPED IN 1908: A FOUR-YEAR-OLD FICUS-TREE.



LIFE ON A RUBBER ESTATE: A VIEW OF THE FACTORY AND STORES.



LIFE ON A RUBBER ESTATE: THE PROPRIETOR'S HOUSE AND THE OFFICE,

imaginary enemy who had been beaten and was retiring on Read-The regularity with which imaginary enemies are beaten in all countries, and retire on the town where the victors intend to spend the night, is marvellous. It must come as a disagreeable surprise in real war when the enemy refuses to retire, and has his own ideas as to where he wishes to spend the night. One result of the sunshine of this early Easter is likely to be that we shall not hear more of any proposals to put the Easter holidays on a fixed date later in the year, when warm and sunshiny weather may reasonably be expected. The sun has shown himself in favour of the older method.

We are now

The Army Pageant. within measurable distance of summer, and the pageant-masters are already collecting their companies for the great displays of the year. The battles of which mimic representations are to be given in the Army Pageant have been selected, and we are to see Cæsar and the Tenth Legion, and Harold resisting the invaders at Hastings. If the later episodes of the Pageant show that the British have usually fought their battles in an enemy's



AMONG THE TOBACCO - PLANTS.

"MILK" AND COFFEE: ON THE WAY-HALIM (SUMATRA) RUBBER AND COFFEE ESTATES.

With regard to the first of our photographs, it may be stated that the tree was tapped when four years old, and that one pound of latex, or "milk," was drawn from it. At that time Professor van Romburgh gave it as his opinion that these ficus-trees could be tapped twice a year without risk.

doctors not to disentangle it, as he wished it to leave the field with him. "I hope the people of England will be satisfied," were almost the last words he spoke. No General has ever so won the hearts of the soldiers who fought under him as Sir John did, and some of the regiments who fought at Corunna still wear a line of black in their gold lace as mourning for their commander. The storming of Badajos was one of the most sanguinary of all Wellington's fights, and it is on record that when that iron-hearted commander heard of the carnage at the great breach, his fortitude for once forsook him, and he grieved openly for the men who had been killed.

Mr. Roosevelt in Egypt.

Egyptians who expected that Mr. Roosevelt, as the ex-head of a great Republic, would encourage them in what they consider to be a forward policy were intensely disappointed by his advice to them to go slow. They now probably understand that all Republics which have proved themselves successes are governed on very conservative lines, and that the United States resent all innovations far more keenly than the old Sovereignties of Europe.

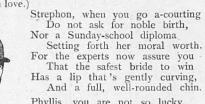
THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

A QUESTION OF LIP.

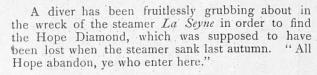
An expert has recently been giving some advice to young men and

maidens who contemplate falling in love.)



Phyllis, you are not so lucky,
For the eligible he
Should possess some slight resemblance
To the hairy chimpanzee.
If you want a husband noted

For his gumption, go, and grip,
Find a lover who's
disfigured
By a lengthy upper
lip.

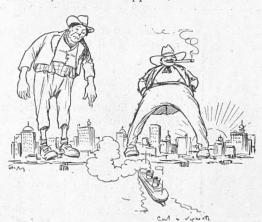


Women's hats are larger than ever, and now measure two and a half yards in circumference. outline of the modern Venus is represented by a cart-wheel balanced on a sheathed umbrella.

Lecturing on "The Dynamics of a Golf-Ball,"
Sir J. J. Thomson showed the "analogy between the behaviour of the cathode rays in a vacuum-tube and the flight of a golf-ball, spin round any axis being imparted to the electrified particles by means of a magnet." Of course! How foolish of us not to have thought of a simple little thing like that before!

The girl is mother to the Suffragette. All the girls at a secondary school at Temesvar, Hungary, have threatened to go on strike unless the new rule that they must all wear their hair tightly plaited is cancelled. They will probably cease to threaten should the governesses also decide to go on strike, but in the active, not the passive, sense.

After his Manchester experiences, Mr. Patten returned to America, where he appears, as far as one can make out from



the telegrams, to be awaiting a counterdemonstration of big shorts and foreign straddlers. It is, it is, a glorious thing to be a cotton king.

A harrowing little tale has been going the rounds about some explorers who were saved from being scalped by the unknown tribe of the Bakongos by a clockwork elephant
A clockwork mouse seems indicated

which could wave its trunk. as the guardian angel of Ministers pursued by wild Suffragettes.

At the recent dinner of the 1900 Club, horseflesh figured on the menu as a savoury, under the title of "Cheval de Bataille." It was so much appreciated by the members that in future the cold shoulders on the club sideboard will be known as "Chevaux de Frise."

About those radio-active particles. Professor Bragg says that they go clean through the atoms of matter which they encounter, and never get out of

the straight line, no matter what they meet. This is a horrible thought. We are all as full of holes as a cullender, and what we shall do if bits of the comet's tail get into the holes during the first half of May is some-

thing for serious consideration.

A speaker the other day said that there were two types of the modern youth: one whose chief concern appeared to be the crease in their trousers, and the other who only cared about going to a football match and shouting "Go it!" These are the gallant These are the gallant

lads who are making England what she is.

Those ingenious niggers, the Basu-

tos, have invented a new whisky, which is called "qadi," is made from ants'-eggs, and seriously impairs the intellects of those who drink it. With all these advantages, it must be superior even to the whisky distilled by an American from old boots, of which the delicious smoky flavour imparted by the blacking was much appreciated by connoisseurs.

Latest fashionable intelligence: A smart modiste

says that the woman who wishes to have a properly slender appearance in the tube-frock should put on her corsets lying down. In addition to this, she should never attempt to walk, but when she wants to move should roll on the floor. This

mode of progression is also an admirable recipe for keeping thin.

Statisticians, to whom nothing is sacred, calculate that civilised nations use seven thousand million matches a year. Allowing three matches to a cigarette, that is not an overwhelming consumption per

WHAT! ONLY ONE?

(The "ghost" at the Old Bailey was the subject of a question by Mr. Deputy Wilkinson at a recent meeting of the Court of Common Council.)

Has anyone seen the Old Bailey

ghost
That haunts Court No. 1?
Or is it only the mocking laugh
Of an echo having its fun?
Yet ghosts there are, and in troops
and swarms,
Regiments, schools, and bands
Of ghostly, gibbering, grisly forms,
Where the grim Old Bailey
stands.

stands.

There's a choice of ghosts in that gloomy crew, From the sordid footpad, Child,

To the chiefs whose crimes have inspired romance,

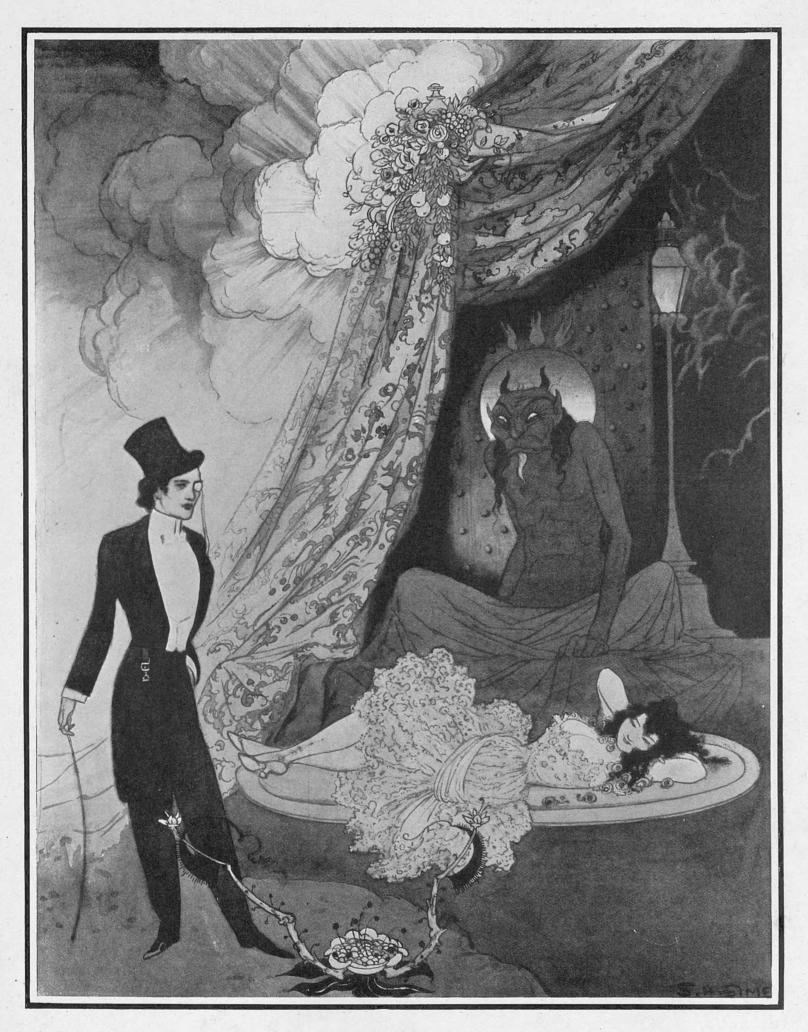
Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild; Murderers, forgers, pirates, thieves, Swindler and common crook—

And yet, with criminals hanged in sheaves,

They talk of a single spook!



The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. H. Sime.



IV.—THE MUSIC - HALLS.

"Asmodeus, chief purveyor of modish dainties to the Halls of Song, exaggerates the value of Sauce. He forgets that appetite is not intrigued by lack of variety in the Bill of Fare. A repetition of the same goods with but difference of dressing fails to thrill, and even the devoted Percy mutters, 'Let us go hence.'"

As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit various theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays or entertainments seen, but of the impressions made by them upon his mind. The fourth result is given here. Others will be published in due course.



PRESENTED AT COURT

RECENTLY: MISS HELEN

ANSON.

Miss Helen Anson was presented by her aunt, the Countess of Lich-field. She is niece to the Duke of Abercorn, the Duchess of Buc-cleuch, the Marchionesses of Lans-

downe and Blandford, and of many other distinguished people. Her father, one of Lord Lichfield's brothers, is a widower.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Those among

ORD LYTTON'S conclusive letter in regard to the prison treatment of his sister was delayed not only through the inability

lending for an exhibition

Let the

fiddlers

tune up

for the merry

month; Lady Aber-

dare has already

said the word, and

other hostesses are

fixing dances for

she gives a ball for

her daughter, Lady

Eva Bruce, at 83,

Eaton Square. Lord

On the 5th,

May.

will make by far

the larger portion—

arranged to benefit a Working Boys' Club in Fitzroy Square. Those among Lady Brownlow's guests—and they

of the Home Office to furnish him with any satisfactory reply to his queries, but owing to the indisposition of Lady Constance herself. The report, published some time ago, that she was unwell hardly met the case, and although she was very reticent as to her condition, it was known among her friends that she was seriously and even dangerously ill. During that time she was quite unfit to read or sanction any defence that her relations were anxious to make. Fortunately, however, Lord Lytton has been able to publish his letter before

the departure of Lord Gladstone. After his de-parture the delay of the letter might have been explained, although wrongly explained, as the result of a desire to save the late Home Secretary unpleasant reading for his journey. The Open Door. days next week all comers interested in the water-colours of Louisa Lady Waterford will be welcomed at 8, Carlton House Terrace, which Lady Brownlow is kindly

PRESENTED AT COURT RECENTLY :

MISS MAGDALEN CURZON. Miss Curzon, who was presented by her mother, is niece to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and granddaughter to Lord Scarsdale. On her mother's side she is great-grand-daughter to the last Lord

Rokeby.

Photograph by Kate Pragnett. who cross her portals for the first time will, incidentally, view one of the finest houses of its sort in London. Lady Brownlow's in-



ENGAGED TO MR. DOUGAL MALCOLM

MISS CLAIRE STOPFORD. Miss Stopford is a daughter of the late Hon. John Stopford, and of the Dowager Countess of Arran. Mr. Malcolm is private secretary to Lord Selborne.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

and Lady Aberdare's eldest son, it will be remembered, married Miss Camilla Clifford, who managed to win fame, and her husband, by always stopping short of dancing. Other ladies may triumph by twirling and gliding and curving (and she, too, can waltz divinely), but Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce merely walked her way into the family of

"There is now some The Campbells are Coming. "There is now some hope of the ugliest building in Scotland being improved," observed Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower-when he heard of the fire that raged one night at Inverary more than thirty years ago, destroying the

central hall before the inmates were well awake, and scattering ceilings upon them as they made their escape. Inverary, whether improved or not, has never greatly attracted Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll, and the place has been let for some time to Mr. Creswell. Now, however, a Campbell, in the person of Lord George, is about to resume possession, if only for a year.

An Opportunity. Few books figured among the wedding - presents of Miss Charlotte

Quaritch, who was married to Mr. John Wrentmore last week. Her friends seem to have decided that anything, from a pearl to a piano, would be more acceptable than first editions, and perhaps they were right. But the man whose genius made Piccadilly the world's centre for rare books has given his passion, as well as his name, to his son, and we note that the romance of big prices still clings to the business. Purchasers from the latest Quaritch catalogue are informed on its covers that a discount of

20 per cent will be allowed on all orders of £501 and onwards. We should like to know



WIFE OF THE REPRESENTA-TIVE OF HAYTI IN ENGLAND: MME. CONSTANTIN FOUCHARD. Photograph by C. Vandyk.

if the offer has brought a seething crowd to the counter.

Nobody at the Poets' board last night held a

English Bards and Modern Ladies.

prouder title to her place than Lady Mary von Hügel, unless it was her very Elizabethan-looking friend Miss Frances

Sir Philip Sidney and the family of the lady described as "the sub-ject of all verse." Lady Mary found herself among friends, for besides Miss Charlton, who was present in the names of Chaucer Swinburne, many other coreligionists, including the Duke of Norfolk and Edmund



DAUGHTER OF MR. PAUL NELKE: MISS MAUD NELKE. Miss Nelke's father is well known for his interest in Turf-matters. Miss Nelke herself is one of the débutantes of the season. Photograph by Lallie Charles

Talbot, had accepted the club's invitation.

Lord Warwick-who, like

Couplets and Cutlets.

Leicester, might Lord have claimed an invitation card and dined with the children of the Muse last night—has been fishing, instead, from the Blackwater, near Caryville. An enthusiastic angler, he prefers to tempt his salmon to bite than to bite his salmon. Even the accompaniment of his ancestors' verses could not induce him to exchange the rod for the knife and fork.

Charlton. Lady Mary von Hügel, in the absence of her brother, the Earl of Pembroke, and her sister, Lady her sister, Lady Ripon, was the representative of both

and

Lord

OF DUDLEY WITH THE HON. EDWARD FREDERICK WARD, AND THE HON. GEORGE REGINALD WARD. The Earl and Countess of Dudley have seven children, four sons and three daughters. The twin sons were born in 1907.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

WITH HER TWIN SONS: THE COUNTESS

SPORT - IN THE AIR AND ON A DINNER - TABLE : CURIOSITIES OF FOOTBALL AND GOLF.



"THE GIANT'S STRIDE": LAWRENCE, THE NEWCASTLE GOALKEEPER, KICKING OUT. Photograph by the Illustrations Bure



A DINNER-TABLE AS A GOLF-COURSE: MISS GREY-WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS, PUTTING.

Our first photograph needs no explanation beyond the statement that the curious effect results in part from the freakishness of the camera. Of the second we may give the tollowing details: On the occasion of a dinner given recently at Nassau, the seat of government of the Bahamas, the table was laid out in imitation of the Court Golf Course in the grounds of the hotel in which the function took place. Miniature trees, bunkers, a lake, a bridge, and a green were faithfully represented. Miss Grey-Wilson, daughter of the Governor, is seen standing on the table putting in the course of an amusing game played after dinner for prizes offered by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rodie, of New York.

HE Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be back at Clarence House in May, after much successful sport in East Africa. Later on, for Ascot.

they will be on the spot for the Week at Bagshot Park, which, of course, comes well within the range of its fascination. It was the Shah of Persia who, with Oriental gravity, said, after an ineffectual effort to enjoy the famous races, "That one horse can run faster than another is certainly true, but why make a journey to see it?'

Ever since man Signs of the has been the creature of maladies, Times. and the first innkeeper put up his sign, an illness in an hotel has been held in especial disfavour. But of late people have come to take their indispositions, like their

dinners, at Claridge's, the Ritz, or the Carlton, and to find them hardly less luxuri-ous. Lord Dunraven is the latest invalid to find his sick-bed in such a place, and we are glad to think he has emerged none the worse for his His manifold activities and his

gracious dealing with the thousand little the thousand little calls upon the attention of the politician belie the convention that gout means a footstool and a bad temper.

Rumour, Lord however. Dunraven's is fond Heir. of taking dismal liberties with Lord Dunraven's bulletins, and on one notable occasion his heir, while seated at the mess-table of his regiment, received a telegram informing him of his cousin's death. Not until the following morning did he learn that the he learn that the fourth Earl was, happily, still the holder of

the title. Lord Dunraven has no son, and his heir is Colonel Wyndham - Quin, who is his cousin, and a fellowmember of at least three clubs, including the

Royal Yacht Squadron and the Turf. The Colonel has also lately Yacht Squadron and the become a fellow-holder of property in Ireland, where his wife, Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, who is Lord Mayo's sister, has double ties.

TO MARRY MISS SAFFRON

CUNLIFFE ON THE 9TH:

RANDOLPH.

Mr. Randolph is the son of the

late Captain Arthur Randolph, of East Court, Malmesbury. His sister is the Hon. Mrs. Lambart, wife of

Lord Cavan's brother and beir.

BERTRAM

ARTHUR

MR.

Lord and Lady The Brassey's. Brassey's guests at Normanhurst looked in vain for any evidence of the flames that not long ago licked its walls, leaving them charred and black. Everything at Battle has been refurbished, and is as innocent as Lady Brassey's excellent soup of the smokiness that for a horrid period smeared their interesting home. Lord Brassey, who was born seventy-four years ago, and married for a second time in 1890, still a gay and youthful daughter, whose interests are

bringing him and Lady Brassey to 24, Park Lane, where they will this season introduce Miss Helen Brassey



TO BE MARRIED TO DAY (THE 61H): MISS DOROTHY ELIZABETH CHARRINGTON AND MR. CECIL FRANCIS HARVEY TWINING. Miss Charrington is the only daughter of Mr. Charles E. N. Charrington, of Frensham Hill, Farnham, Surrey. Mr. Twining is the eldest son of Mr. Herbert Haynes Twining.

TO MARRY THE REV. F. W. HEWITT TO-DAY (THE 6TH): MISS BLANCHE E. M. QUENTIN.

Miss Blanche Quentin, only child of the late Colonel Quentin and of Mrs. Quentin, of Leyton, Camberley. will be married to-day to the Rev. F. W. Hewitt, Vicar-designate of Brixton, Plymouth. The wedding is to take place at St. George's, Camberley.

The homecoming of Sea Lions. Sir Hedworth Lambton, who has made many ports without finding a wife, is in some aspects the most important of his London now holds the lady of his choice in the person of Lady Chelsea. Sir Hedworth, in the quaint phrase of a contemp-orary, has been a bachelor for fifty-four years, but he has never belonged to the well-defined group determined to be wedded to the Service, and to naught else. "What! 'im marry?" queried a bluejacket in answer to a suggestion concerning a certain First Sea Lord; "he'd rather 'ug a torpedo.'

Although the Another Wedding. Hon. William

Cecil, who is to marry Miss Gladys Baggallay next week, is the son of a younger son, he is the heir to the barony of Amherst of Hackney, through his mother. She, under special remainder, inhis mother. She, under special remainder, in-herited the title from her father, but not, it will

be remembered, his splendid library. This, with other properties, was perforce sold just before his deathowing to his liabilities as a trustee of moneys that were lost through no fault of his own.

Paris is The Winged packed. Gabriel. At Easter it is always full, and now the stream of people returning from the Riviera has arrived. Lord and Lady Allendale and Viscount and Viscountess Clifden have Visbeen meeting almost as many friends in the Rue de Rivoli as they would "down the street" in May-



TO MARRY MR. ARTHUR BERTRAM RANDOLPH ON THE 91H: MISS SAFFRON CUNLIFFE.

Miss Cunliffe is the daughter of Mr. Harry Pickersgill Cunliffe, of Staughton Manor, St. Neots, Hunts.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

fair At their hotel the pale, almost livid face of Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio has attracted the attention of everybody, from the blase page-boy to the English milord. The

Italian author is killing two birds with one stone—coming to Paris as much for "Chantecler" as to arrange for lessons on an aeroplane.

A Privy Councillor's Privacy.

The publishers are biting their gone the round that Mr. Labouchere has decided not to write his autobiography, a work that would have been full of plums and pounds. "Labby" is living in Florence, where his fund of reminiscence, none the less interesting because it is not to be published, and his not unfailing energy and wit, make him as conspicuous—at least, in the eyes of the Anglo-Flor-entine colony — as Giotto's radiant tower.



MARRY MR. ANDREW RINTOUL TO - DAY (6TH) : MISS KATHARINE VERE HODGE.

Miss Vere Hodge, who is to marry Mr. Andrew Jeffrey Rintoul, of Lahill, Fife, is the only daughter of the Rev. E. Vere Hodge, Rector of Lyndon, Rutland, and formerly Headmaster of Oakham School.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. A. C. FITZCLARENCE TO-MORROW (7TH): LADY SUSAN YORKE.

Lady Susan Yorke is the sister of the Earl of Hardwicke. She is a clever amateur actress, and a great favourite in Society. The wedding is to take place at St. Paul's Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Rita Martin

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!

of

4



WITH HER RAVEN HAIR A. HANGING DOWN HER BACK: A TIBETAN BRIDE.



THE DANISH SUBSTITUTE FOR "MILK O": A MILKMAN'S BOY WITH HIS BELL.



A FEARSOME FACE FOR A "PARSON": A TIBETAN MENDICANT-PRIEST.



WHERE FASHION CHANGES EVEN MORE OFTEN THAN IT DOES IN PARIS OR VIENNA: A STREET SCENE IN ZANZIBAR, SHOWING THE COTTON CLOTHES FAVOURED BY THE NATIVE WOMEN.

The women of Zanzibar flirt with fashion even more than do the Parisians, the Viennese, or the Londoners, and are not content unless they are able to wear a new fashion in cotton clothes each month.



THE CHILDREN'S "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE": YOUNGSTERS IN A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," which was produced some time ago in America, and is now being presented at the Comedy, has been played in America not only by grown-ups, but by children, who amused themselves by giving a performance or two in imitation of their elders. The young lady shown in the photograph is playing the part of Rose Lane, which is taken in this country by Miss Alexandra Carlisle,—[Photograph by Paul Thompson.]



ANCESTOR OF ALL CATTLE: A BAG OF AUROCHS (EUROPEAN BISON).

The auroch, the European bison of modern naturalists, once abundant, is now nearly extinct. Save for the fact that the Emperor of Russia preserves some herds of them, they would probably die out altogether in a very few years. As we have noted, the beasts were once abundant and roamed in herds over many rarts of the continent of Europe, especially favouring the neighbourhood of large forests.

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT

MALTA AND IN CAIRO:

"DAVID GARRICK," AND

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

The Easter market in new plays was somewhat stagnant, but we had a fair number of revivals. "The Whip," for instance, came back from its winter holiday fresh and hearty, with its rolling platforms in good order, its railway accident in excellent form, and its hounds and horses

undismayed by the savage attack made upon their personal appearance Mr. Pelissier and the Follies. Shake-

speare has seized upon His Majesty's for five weeks, during which half the actor - managers | in London are to give us their favourite readings of his heroes; and Sir Herbert Tree has led the way with

his rotund and hearty Falstaff in "The Merry Wives." But the great feature of this performance is, of course, that Miss Ellen Terry has been persuaded to return once more

to the part of Mistress Page, as merry and mis-

chievous and delightful as ever, and gifted with eternal youthfulness of spirit.

PRIVATE SKIPP AS GERTIE GO-LIGHTLY, AND BOY COLEROOK.

"Othello," "Othello." as played by Grasso, is perhaps to be counted as a revival, but it comes as something entirely new. This is an Othello the like of which the present generation has never seen: a thing inspired and magnificent in its savagery, a very whirlwind of passion. There is a wonderful tenderness in the quieter moments, but throughout a lack of impressive dignity and human pity; and both these things the ideal

Othello should have. Lacking them, he is too little of the man, too much of the beast; but in spite of its limitations it is a marvellous performance, to which the word "genius" can without hesitation be applied.



"The Playactors," at the Court Theatre, have been discovering some one - act plays, the most notable of which was a sketch, by Mr. Ronald Macdonald, of the awful end of a drunken Italian artist, who mur-dered his model, both parts being admirably played

by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury and Miss Lucy Wilson; but the only new play H. A. Saintsbury and Miss of any size has been "Alias Jimmy Valentine," at the Comedy, written by Mr. Paul Armstrong, and played mainly, though not entirely, by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. A time will come—it seems far off—when Mr. Du Maurier will cease to play the gentleman thief. He is so perfect in the part

that it will be a serious wrench when he has to drag himself away to other things; and so long as he plays him, the gentleman thief will always be a

person in whose company a very pleasant evening can be spent. His complete gentlemanliness is so attractive. He mixes so well in the society he robs, and he faces his opponent - always the

world's leading detective-with such self-confidence, such resourcefulness, that he raises burgling to the position of a fine art. In this particular case he is the repentant thief, and the

humble, diffident, and always very

gentlemanly lover. Released from prison by the influence of the girl he loves, he leads an honest life and rises

to the eminent position of assistant cashier in her father's bank, for bankers in Illinois are men of simple trustfulness. But the good qualities of American bankers are counterbalanced by the vindictiveness of the American police, who have no sympathy for reformed criminals, and, being still "wanted" for some early crime, he is betrayed by his skill in opening a safe which has-been closed upon the little sister of the girl he loves. How it is done is difficult to

PRIVATE SKIPP AS GERTIE GOLIGHTLY IN "THE BABES

guess, but it is most exciting; and there is much innocent pleasure to be derived from the preliminary duel between the great ex-burglar

ing. The play is a very good specimen of its kind. Besides being well written, it contains several clever little character - sketches, and its love scenes are fresh and sincere. The acting, too, is all that it should be. Miss Alexandra Carlisle is delightful as the heroine, and two able little studies of convicts in the stage of ir-

redeemable depravity were given by Mr. D. J. Williams and Mr. Fred Cremlin.



TIMOTHY TATTERS, AND PRIVATE SKIPP AS GERTIE GOLIGHTLY.



IN THE WOOD,"

and the great detective, most admirably played by Mr. Guy Stand-



"LADIES" OF THE CHORUS IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."



"THE, BABES IN THE WOOD."

of the Chorus IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."



MANOEL THEATRE, MALTA, BY THE MALTA AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY: A SCENE FROM ROBERTSON'S FAMOUS COMEDY.

ROBERTSON'S FAMOUS COMEDY.

The performances were given under the patronage of the Governor, Sir Leslie Rundle, D.S.O. A great deal of the success was due to the stage-management of Major Campbell Todd, A.P.D., who bad recently made such a hit with his own nautical burlesque, "Captain Reece of the Mantelpiece." The cast was as follows: David Garrick, Mr. Smith-Wright; Simon Ingot, Major Todd, A.P.D.; Squire Chivy, Major Finlay, Witshire Regiment; Mr. Smith, Lieutenant Arnaud, R.N.; Mr. Jones, Lieutenant Donnelly, R.G.A.; Mr. Brown, Mr. E. A. S. Hayward, hon. sec. of the society; George, Lieutenant Morrell, R.E.; Thomas, Lieutenant Field, R.N.; Ada Ingot, Mrs. Oliphant; Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sebright; and Miss Araminta Brown, Mrs. Hughes.—

"The Babes in the Wood," a pantomime, by Lieutenant G. Campbell, of the Coldstreams, was produced by the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards Amateur Dramatic Society, at the Esbekieh Gardens Theatre, Cairo. Lieutenants J. Bourne May and the Hon. R. Keppel were two excellent 6 ft. 4 in. babes.

THE MAN WITH THE SAND - PAPERED FINGERS AT WORK.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."



OPENING A COMBINATION SAFE BY THE SENSE OF TOUCH: LEE RANDALL PLYING HIS FORMER PROFESSION IN ORDER TO RESCUE A CHILD SHUT IN A SAFE.

Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, is the only American crook who can open a combination safe by the sense of touch alone. Reformed after having met and fallen in love with Rose Lane, he is forced to ply his old trade again in order to unlock a great safe in which, by accident, a child has been shut. While he is doing this the detective who has been on his track for the past three years watches him and so identifies him. Jimmy opens the safe in the daytime, but, used only to working "professionally" at night, finds it necessary to work in darkness, with every blind drawn, he himself being blindfolded. Before beginning, he sand-papers the tips of his fingers, to give them greater delicacy. The photograph shows him at work, his old confederate, Red Joclyn, holding a match in order to see the numbers. Our photograph, it should be noted, is of the American production of the piece, but it shows precisely what happens at the Comedy, and so, to all intents and purposes, is a photograph of the English presentation.



I suppose that in the life of every man, every Flats. civilised man, every man who has a stake in the country of some sort or other, even if it consists in paying an income tax at a war rate in time of peace, there has been a time when it has been necessary for him to go flat-hunting in London. In discussing the would-be hunt with an intimate friend—possibly a wife, who may, in some cases, be called an intimate friend, though not in many—this man has

treated the matter with an airy, easy manner and has pooh-poohed the idea of difficulty, exorbitant rentals, unbearable street-noises, and the like, and has entered into what is in reality an arduous, disappointing, and sometimes futile search with a heart as light as that of the average undergraduate. The reasons for this light-heartedness may be stated briefly. The man has made a collection of London morning papers and has extracted numerous cuttings from the advertisement columns headed "Flats, Chambers, Upper Parts, etc." They all set forth, in the alluring and peculiar English of the auctioneer and estateagent, the beauties and advantages of flats galore. They claim to make flathunting easy. What need is there to consult any agent? All these cuttings relate to just precisely that very flat upon which this innocent and unhardened wretch has set his heart. There are flats, in exquisite modern buildings, "situate" a stone's-throw from club-"situate" a stone's-throw from club-land, in well-known streets, whose rents range from £35 per annum to £450. In Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Park Lane, St. James's Street, the Albany, Jermyn Street, St. James's Square, Hanover Square, Conduit Street, and in the grease-paint-sequin atmosphere of Shaftesbury Avenue, there is ab-

solutely nothing, it seems, but flats which suit every pocket. According to the advertisements, these flats have spacious entrance-halls, large, airy reception-rooms, delightful sitting-rooms, cheerful bed-rooms, adequate offices which include other necessary

apartments - provided with h. and c., liveried hall-porters, hydraulic lifts, tessellated pavements, and a select clientèle. very

There fore, Lying again, what Advertiseneed is ments. there for agents? They superfluous. The man with the cuttings goes forth one sunny day in April either alone or with his intimate friend—who may, in some cases, be his some cases, be wife, but not in alllight - footed, brighteyed. I guarantee, my masters, that this man and his intimate friend who may be, etc., will return to his old country home the same evening not only no longer with his and was, in very truth, penned by a villain. The question of rent

FIGHTING THE WHITE WALL: A TRAIN PUSHING ITS WAY THROUGH THE SNOW ON LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

intimate friend, but with a person with whom he is not on speaking terms; not only having shed his collection of advertisements, but worn-out, blear-eyed, cynical, and in all probability,

should his intimate friend have been his wife, a misogynist, a woman-hater. And so it is that I devote this week's growl to these lying flat-advertisements, written by sharps. I myself—yea, even I-have been had, conspicuously, abortively had, by these alluring and peculiarly written estate-agents' traps. I—aye, even I, and I am not, I think, as green and sappy as I was—went forth but lately upon a day, rosy-faced, white of eye, springy of foot, and with the intimate friend,

who in my case (I thank thee, Jove!) is my wife, to seek a pied-à-terre in the Metropolis, which should be within a stone's-throw of my clubs. All innocent, if you will believe me, I taxied to the place mentioned in one of the advertisements, which seemed to be built but for me. I tell you that it had a spacious hall, an elegant receptionroom, several cheerful bed-rooms, a charming room suitable for a student or literary man, overlooking a vista of trees and many other less important but equally necessary attributes. There was also a liveried attendant and a tessellated foyer. Well, it is true that the attendant was liveried, but the livery was an heirloom which had descended from a long line of predecessors, and many suns had risen and sunk since that man had barbered his face, if face it could be called. Through the dirt of ages there might have been tessellated pavement in the dark and dismal Thing grandiloquently and foolishly termed "the foyer." The elegant reception-room turned out to be scrubby, ill-lighted, uncatswingable, appallingly ordinary, extraordinarily ordinary room. The bedrooms had never known what it was to be cheerful, and the charming room suited to a student or a literary man, could only have been

made use of by a dyspeptic cobbler or a victim of philately. Therefore, I say that the advertisement was a lie. The descripby a blind man, tion of the rooms might have been written

> was also a lie. rents of these flats were said to range were said to range from £85 to £300 per annum. As a matter of fact they started at £300 and "ranged" up to £450. When I inquired savagely and bitterly for the £85 per annum flat, I was shown a pigeon-hole near the sky fit only for the dwelling-place of a sewer-rat particularly self-denying Socialist. The story was the same from start to finish. Every one of the advertisements which I had collected was wholly and purposely misleading. I do not, therefore, merely growl about these things, but I also swear, and on behalf of all my fellow-sufferers, I beg



A LIVING MUMMY: LOWERING A WOUNDED SAILOR INTO THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL - AT PRACTICE.

Photograph by Rotophot.

would-be flat-hunters to put themselves immediately in the hands of an honourable agent. They will save time and taxis, and remain on terms of intimate friendship with their wives.

THE ACADEMY ANTICIPATED: HINTS TO OUR FAVOURITE ARTISTS. PICTURES THAT SHOULD BE HUNG.



TO W. J. LOMAX: "HIS HONOUR AT STEAK."





TO NAPIER HEMY: "A HEAVY GAEL AT SEA"



TO B. W. LEADER: "SLOWLY SINKS THE SON TO REST."



THE VALUE OF PERFORMING ANIMALS.

MONKEY with the salary of a Cabinet Minister! It sounds ludicrous, not to say incredible. All the same, it is true. Indeed, if report speaks truly, even the most exalted of the members of his Majesty's Government might exchange positions,

to his financial benefit, with some of the members of the animal creation, considerably lower in the scale than man. This fact gives some idea of the large sums earned by the proprietors of "Animal Acts," as they are called in the music-hall world, when the attraction is of sufficient importance to "top the bill," to use the technical phrase which stands for that item on the programme which enjoys the blazonry of the largest type.

If every variety entertainment in London does not make a point of having trainedanimal shows in every programme, they are, nevertheless, of frequent appearance, and furnish indubitable proof of the in-terest the public manifests in them, for they are seen at some of the most ex-clusive houses in the West End, like the Hippodrome, the Palace, the Empire, the

Alhambra, and the Coliseum.

Of all the animals, perhaps the most celebrated of recent years was the first chimpanzee named Consul, which appeared at the Hippodrome some five or six years ago. Consul's accomplishments, it will be remembered, consisted in sitting at a table, eating his meal with a knife and fork and spoon, using a serviette, smoking a cigarette, undressing and going to bed, and riding a bicycle. His salary has been stated at different sums, but they all ran into three figures, and it may be assumed, without fear of contradiction, that he earned a Cabinet Minister's salary for his successful trainer. So valuable was he that it is understood his owner took out several policies on his life. Again, the exact sum cannot be stated, but it is variously estimated at between £16,000 and £25,000, and the policies were underwritten both in Europe and America. Such insurances cost a great deal, for, as everyone knows, monkeys are exceedingly delicate animals, and they rapidly succumb to lung diseases. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for Lloyds' to quote fifty guineas per cent. on such insurances, and even at that figure the risk is not accepted freely.

Another member of the monkey tribe which was heavily insured was Moritz, whose life was insured for £5000. It died not long ago in Russia, but during its life it had the distinction of appearing before Queen Victoria of Spain, and was presented with a scarfpin by her Majesty—the only simian to be thus honoured by royalty.

"The Beau Brummell of monkeyland" is the sobriquet of George the First, a chimpanzee trained, and now being exhibited, by "Dandy George," whose beautifully trained dog, Rosie, has been before the public for over a dozen years. George the First is not insured, as the best terms obtainable on a policy of £2000 were a premium of £25 per week for a period of three years—the longest time for which the risk could be taken. Rosie herself was insured for a few hundred pounds for a period of five years; but the policy ran out eight years ago, and she is still well and working, although she is fourteen years of age. She was bought as a small puppy for two shillings as a pet, and it was only when she developed exceptional

powers of understanding that it occurred to "Dandy George" to train her for the stage, and he has since refused an offer of a thousand pounds for her.

There is nothing more striking than the increase in the value

of an animal before and after it has been trained. Thus, four monkeys owned by Mr. W. S. Cross, the famous naturalist of Liverpool, are at present valued at about £200 in all, but, when ready for the stage, they will be worth anything from £500 to £2000 each, according to the ability they display when trained. Similarly with other animals — lions untrained cost from £50 to £80, and trained they are each worth

£300 to £400, or even more.
While, therefore, the animals comprising a mixed group of lions and tigers can be bought for a few hundred pounds, yet, when trained and ready to appear before the public, they are worth anything from £20,000 to £30,000. Not very long ago, indeed, one of the most celebrated animal-trainers in Europe had a group of between twelve and fifteen lions, tigers, and bears which were sold for £10,000 before they had ever ap peared at a circus. It is obvious, therefore, that it is the trained animals which ' make money. Indeed, Mr. Hagenbeck, the famous trainer, actually has a school for wild animals in Hamburg. There they are taught their tricks as regularly and methodically as children are taught the three R's in school. At the present time several groups of performing animals are about to be shipped to Buenos Ayres by Mr. Hagenbeck, each group being worth Mr. Hagenbeck, each group being worth from £15,000 to £30,000.

It is apparent, from what has been written, that the salary earned by these

valuable animals must reach large figures every week. Thus, the Polar bears which were recently at the Hippodrome are stated to have cost the management somewhere about £300 a week. Dog acts are worth from £25 to £80 or £90 a week, sea-lions and trained seals from £45 to £60 a week, between which limits it is also possible to engage a troupe of performing elephants. The value of performing dogs may be judged from the fact that three of the Police Dogs at the Hippodrome carry insurances of £1100, of which sum £500 is taken by one animal; and this insurance is against loss through accidents in travelling or otherwise, which would mean a loss of salary to the

proprietor.

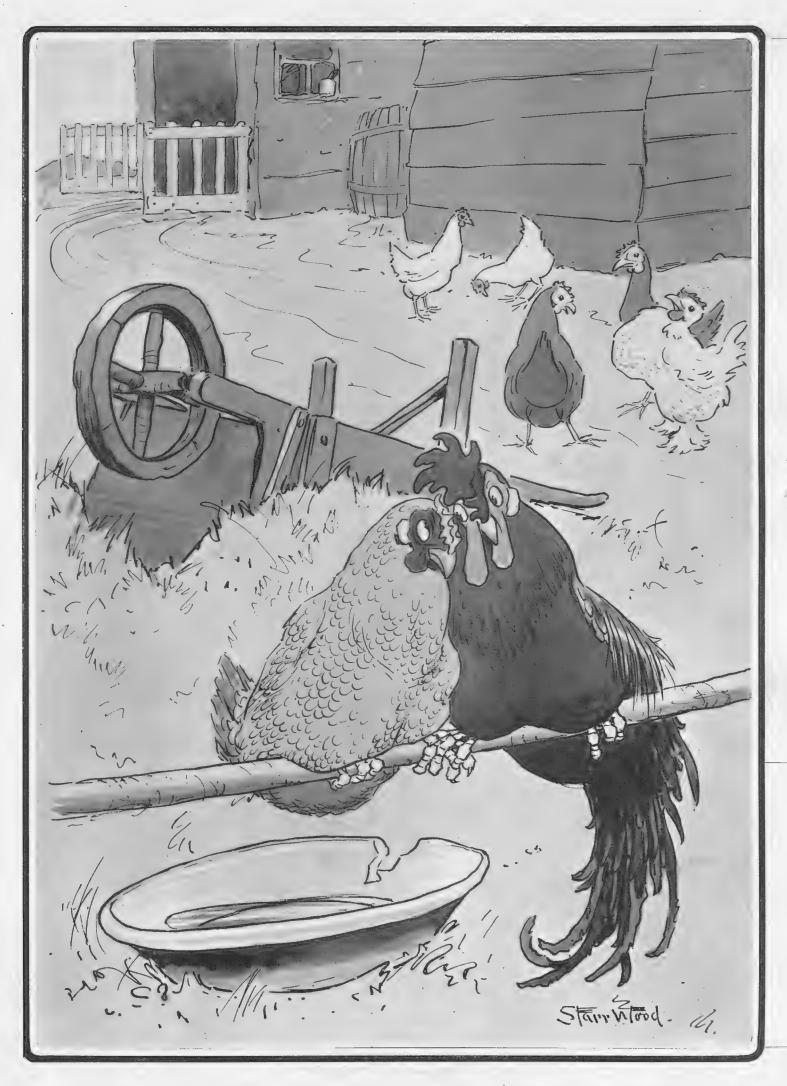
Another distinguished performer is Jimmy, the Goose with a Human Brain, which is trained by Mr. H. Abdy Marvelle. For this animal, which can pick out a given card from a pack, distinguish colours and figures, as well as do certain sums in simple arithmetic and answer various questions, a policy for £1000 is now being negotiated, and a policy for the same sum will be written for its understudy, the dog Mikado; while many an important public official holding a distinguished permanent office would be very glad to exchange his salary with that drawn by Jimmy, whose expenses for the upkeep of his "human brain" are obviously not large, and he does not require an extensive or expensive wardrobe for his appearance on ceremonial occasions, Nature having abundantly supplied him with an ever-lasting uniform free of cost.



MLLE. GABY DESLYS IN "LES CAPRICES DE SUZETTE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Suzette begins life as a poor flower-girl, marries a wealthy man, and blossoms into purple and fine linen. Photograph by Reu

BEFORE THE SEPARATION ORDER.



Miss Plymouth Rock: P how am I to know that I am only the forty-second girl you ever loved?

Drawn by Starr Wood.



THE CHINA THAT IS PASSING.

DEVOUT Chinese," writes Mrs. A. S. Roe, "will sometimes keep a 'moral account-book.' There is a volume, called 'The Rules of Merit and Transgression,' in which the

commercial value of deeds is given. For instance: To pay the debts of a father counts ten to the good; to worship at his burial, fifty; and to bury a bird or lend an umbrella, one. On the other hand, to love a wife more than a father or mother takes off a hundred, and to dig up a worm in winter cancels the burying of a bird." Even when possessor of such a ledger, the Chinaman who still falls, according to our ideas, under the same heading as he whose ways were dark and whose tricks were vain in the days of Bret Harte must be hard pressed at times to decide upon the correct course of action. one work could supply his needs without being as unwieldy as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" bound in a single cover. He is as much the slave of etiquette as is the nouveau riche, as swathed in precedent as are kings, the makers of laws, and the dispensers of makers of laws, and the dispensers of laws. Rather than willingly offend the gods, he may even "swallow gold." And the Chinese equivalent of hara-kiri cannot be pleasant—"I am told," says Mrs. Roe, "that this 'gold' is the poisonous blood of some bird called 'jin'... and that all officials carry it shows with them in this posters at it about with them in tiny pockets at the end of the bands at the back of official coats, which bands are called respectively 'filial' and 'loyal,' representing that one is always ready to take one's own life should one's Emperor or one's father so command." In a word, rules and rites and superstitions haunt him from birth to the grave, and, as he believes, beyond.

His first knowledge may come to him almost in infancy. A

stuffed tiger may act as pillow for him, that evil spirits may not disturb his rest. An he be the son of a "personage," his father's coffined body may be kept in the house for a couple of years (as was that of a famous General) until he be old enough to perform the ancestral rites. If he be a native of Ch'ong King, he will know a certain lamp-post, towering forty or fifty feet above the roofs, designed to act as lighthouse in the world invisible and guide wandering souls back to their homes. A boy in another town, he will note that "when the apprentices are taking down the shutters in the morning they must be careful not to talk to each other in the street, or the demons may be attracted by their voices and enter the shop"; that "the 'abacus' must be taken up and well shaken and carefully dusted every day, just in case a demon has lodged in it during the night"; that a bird in a cage is a bringer of luck, that a squeak is a sound that is pleasing



A VENDOR OF LUCK: A BIRD-SELLER IN THE STREETS OF PEKING.

The Chinese look upon birds as bringers of luck, and many shops keep a bird in a cage as a mascot. As Mrs. Roe has it in "China as I Saw It"—"Birds are great pets in China. One meets them in the streets being taken out for airings... In the disastrous Chino-Japanese War people who saw the Chinese soldiers fleeing through this part of the country [Chefor] say that many of them were carrying bird-cages as well as their bows and arrows."—[Photograph by Lindsay.]

be aware of the existence of the kitchen god, for may not that deity be to him as the little whispering bird is to his European brother?—"He is credited with an intimate knowledge of every-

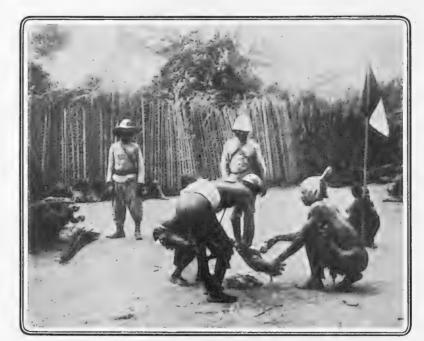
body's faults and misdeeds. When he makes his annual journey up to Heaven, people smear his lips with sugar before he goes, in order to induce him to give a good report of their

doings."

As man, follower of one of the three hundred and sixty trades of his country, he will recognise the patron divinity of his calling; if he be a tailor, have learned that, before the coming of Hien Yuen, men wore raiment of fig-leaves. Should he be a fisherman, may emulate those of Hankow: "In a shallow stretch of water, men were floundering about. . . They were catching fish, and by imitating the antics of the creatures themselves, they succeeded in disarming suspicion and enticed them into their clutches." Desirous of academical honours, he might find himself only too willing to sympathise with those of Western China who, believing that the weight of a pagoda pressing on its body was so irritating to the Earth Dragon that for seven years it had prevented anyone in the neighbourhood attaining an M.A. degree, had the building demolished. His wedding-day will be fixed by the astrologer. When he dies, the selection astrologer. of a site for his grave will give much trouble. "The geomancers choose a place where the Azure Dragon (positive current) and the White Tiger (negative current) 'unite harmoniously,' and where there is no watercourse which, running straight from the selected spot, may carry away the 'vital breath,' and where also there is no pernicious breath—a straight line, for instance, pointing towards the grave."

Of such is "China as I Saw It," a most fascinating volume,

so full of good things that it has been possible to quote, perhaps, one in two hundred. It is worth noting that Mrs. Roe's journeys took place within the last three years. another three years doubtless many things will have changed. The influence of the "outside Kingdom man" is great and increasing. His fire-carriages and the "lightning breath," the motor-car and electricity, are everywhere; railway lines multiply, despite the Earth Dragon; new buildings continue to raise lofty spires to the sky, in defiance of the Air Dragon; roads are being made, whether they cut into the server's book or new rines. pent's back or no; mines are being exploited, the risk of disturbing the spirits of the dead notwithstanding. So is the old China passing, giving place to the new. In an odd corner or two the people may persist in stopping holes in a leaky vessel with boiled rice; in seeking to make an idol laugh by dressing up a dog



BECOMING "BLOOD" BROTHERS: NATIVES EXCHANGING BLOOD AND THUS MAKING AN UNBREAKABLE ALLIANCE - IN FRENCH WEST AFRICA.

for the same reason, that at the coming of the New Year the "door gods" must be glued upon the doors. Assuredly he will

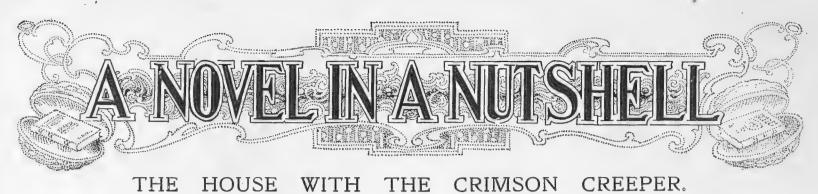
as an old man, that drought may come to an end; in sucking "cash" to cure cholera; in buying passports for Hades at Feng-Tu temple, which is said to be built over the main entrance to the Buddhist hell—they will be the exceptions, not the rule.

THE TENDERFOOT! -- WHICH?



THE SMALL BOY (to the gouty subject): Just kick us that ball over, will yer, guv'ner?

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



BY LOUISE HEILGERS.

TELL, it doesn't look haunted," said Carden.
"It certainly doesn't," agreed Marriot. He turned sharply upon the agent. "What's your real opinion of the matter?" he asked. The agent looked unhappy. He possessed a Nonconformist conscience, which at times he found hard to reconcile with his profession.

"I wasn't living in Thorndyke at the time it happened, Sir," he answered diplomatically, "and you know what village gossip is."

He shrugged a careless shoulder.

"Then, of course, you don't happen to believe in this particular story yourself?" inquired Carden, a trifle maliciously.

The agent wilted visibly.

"I-I really don't know what to believe," he answered frankly. "There are more things in heaven and earth-and, anyhow, it's a fine property," he exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm.

"I agree with you there," said Carden, transferring his gaze from the agent to the house-a square-built, substantial affair, built of grey granite, up one side of which clung a magnificent creeper, one blaze of crimson tendrils.

"Ghost or no ghost, I'm inclined to risk it. What do you say, Marriot?"

"That I'd like to hear more about that ghost before venturing an opinion," returned Marriot. "Remember, I've only heard scraps of the story up to now. It has something to do with that creeper, hasn't it?" He jerked his head in the direction of the flaming wall of leaves.

"My dear chap, that is the ghost," retorted Carden impressively. "That creeper is the reason why people slink past the garden-fence o' nights and the villagers will not enter the house for love or money. Briefly, some four years ago a mysterious foreign gentleman took the Grey House on a long lease. He was accompanied by a charming girl, many years his junior, who, it appears, had extraordinarily long and silky black hair. The relationship between the two was doubtful, and was never explained by the pair, who kept themselves to themselves and refused to have any dealings with the county people. They were here for six months, and then suddenly "—he flung out one hand dramatically—"they were here no more. One fine morning they had vanished, lock, stock, and barrel; but-now comes the strangest part of the story-for the first time a curious scarlet creeper clung about the house. You see where it twines red arms round that first-floor window? Well, gossip will tell you that sometimes at night a man's head is seen leaning out of the window, with long tendrils of the creeper winding about his neck. It seems to me rather a wild story.'

"You might add, Sir," interrupted the agent, "that although the mysterious creeper has been cut down, not once, but several times, it has always grown again."

"And what is the explanation of it all?" asked Marriot curiously.

The agent cleared his throat. "Well, of course, it's all nonsense, Sir," he began apologetically; "but the village says that the gentleman murdered the lady-there was quarrelling heard in the night, it seems-and that the creeper is her ghost."

"What absolute rot it all is!" broke in Carden impatiently. But Marriot shook his head. "I shouldn't take the house if I were you, old chap," he said seriously. "There seems to me something ominous about it. I felt it as I rode up, I feel it standing here, and I don't like the look of that creeper, either. It's so confoundedly red."

"Nonsense!" retorted Carden. "I think it rather an improvement myself. It brings up the colour of that old grey stone so splendidly. Anyhow, I think I'll risk it. I've no objection to a ghost myself, especially a young and pretty one." His laugh rang out in the sunshine.

A little breeze sprang suddenly up and stirred the leaves of the creeper, so that they shook with a pleasant rustling sound. Carden took, a step nearer, and laid one hand upon the crimson leaves. It was ridiculous, of course, and it wouldn't do to tell the others, but as he touched the creeper it was as if the soft, cool palm of a woman's hand had curled daintily into his.

A few weeks later found Carden installed in his new domain. Partly out of a sense of bravado, and partly because it happened to be the best room in the house, he chose for his own the one round the window of which the creeper clung with slender scarlet

The first night or two, a little, perhaps, to his relief, although he told himself he was disappointed, he slept soundly, a long, heavy slumber, unbroken by dreams. But the third night he awoke suddenly to a feeling of intense discomfort. It was as if he were being strangled in his sleep. He sat up sharply in bed and switched on the light.

A tall, slim woman, with long black hair flowing loosely upon her shoulders, and wrapped in something red and clinging that fell open at the throat, stood by the bedside. But, even as he stared, amazed, she vanished, and there was only the heavy scent of the creeper twining about the open window in the room.

"A dream," he told himself over and over again. But what a pretty woman she was! That mist of hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, that dead-white skin - and what extraordinary blue eyes! He found himself wishing she were no dream, but real flesh and blood he could hold and crush in his arms.

When he awoke the next morning a few faded red leaves lay upon the parquet by his bed. His fingers trembled slightly as he stooped and picked them up. He trembled more a minute after, for once again, as he touched them, it was as if a woman's hand had clasped his own.

Marriot, who, under protest, was staying with him, looked at him curiously as he sat opposite to him at breakfast.

"Seen anything of the ghost, old chap?" he inquired, with wellfeigned carelessness.

For a moment Carden hesitated, then "No," he answered curtly, so curtly that Marriot, seeing that for some reason he was annoyed, changed the conversation.

That evening, as they sat on the lawn after dinner, Carden saw the woman in red again. She was leaning out of his bed-room window, her chin propped in her two white hands. The moon was up, so he could see her quite distinctly. A plait of long black hair fell like an ebon streak across one shoulder; her mouth was a scarlet streak in the whiteness of her face. She was smiling, a little pensive smile that-dream, ghost, or living woman-rendered her absolutely adorable.

He started nervously when Marriot addressed him. "By Jove! how sinister that creeper looks in the moonlight," he said.

Carden found himself looking stupidly at an empty window showing dark against the night.

"That's because you don't know . . ." he began dreamily, then stopped.

Marriot said nothing, but Carden, busily engaged in replenishing his pipe, had an idea that once again, as at breakfast, he looked at him sharply.

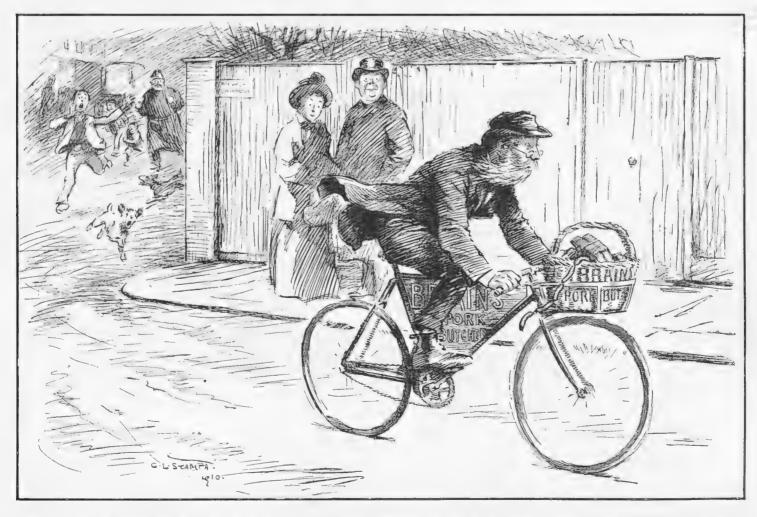
It was only later on, when they separated for the night, that, scemingly irrelevantly, he said-" I say, Carden, about that ghost, you know; I should fight shy of her if she were to visit you. A lady

[Continued overleaf.

INTELLIGENCE - LONDON AND LOCAL.



THE FOND MOTHER: I hope you are very particular, Nurse, only to take baby in nice streets — I'm so afraid of him catching anything. Nurse (the ever-truthful): Oh, yes, indeed, the little darling. I always goes straight to the park, and avoids un'ealthy germs.



OUR OLD AND ESTEEMED FRIEND THE NEAR-SIGHTED AND ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR RETURNING HOME AFTER SOME HOURS OF STUDY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY; OR, WHY THE SAUSAGES WERE NOT DELIVERED.

who has been done to death by one man is not likely to feel enamoured of the rest of the sex."

He remembered afterwards that there had been a note of fearas well as of contempt-in the boisterousness of the laughter with which Carden had greeted his remark:

But Carden, when he found himself alone in his room, so full of the subtle scent of the creeper that his senses almost reeled, even to himself admitted no thought of fear. he discovered that the wind had blown a few stray red leaves upon his pillow, where they lay glimmering in the electric light like great splashes of blood, he only laughed again and kissed them as recklessly as he would have kissed, had she been there, the woman's mouth.

He was late for breakfast the next morning—so late that Marriot, after long waiting, went and knocked loudly at his bedroom door. No answer came back—then or afterwards.

When Marriot, alarmed at last, broke open the door, the first glance showed him an empty, tumbled bed. The second glance showed him Carden kneeling at the open window. Wound tightly round his neck, like the arms of a woman, were two long, slender strips of crimson creeper.

Carden himself was dead.



Movel in a Mutshell. A

STREAM. SILVERY

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.



CRAWLED carefully through the hedge, and found myself in a garden. Through the bushes I could still see the silvery little Mole.

A laugh startled me, and, looking up, I gazed into the eyes of as pretty a maid as the heart of adventurous man could desire.

"A thousand pardons," I cried, rising to my feet.

One, she promised me, if I would explain.

- "Madam," said I, "I am an explorer. The Nile I leave for stouter men; the elusive Mole would I follow to its source."
 - "Dear little river," she said, gazing at it affectionately.
- "Alas!" I went on, "when gardens intercept my progress my thirst for knowledge makes of me a trespasser."
- "Have you really followed its banks all the way up?" she inquired in surprise.

I bowed in proud humility.

- "And you are the first person to know of my feat," I remarked. "Hairbreadth escapes . . . a laurel-bush between me and detection." I hinted at, "but this is the first discovery."
- "How unfortunate," she cried; "another minute and I should have gone."
 - "Unfortunate!" mused I.
 - "Well, isn't it?" she demanded.
- "It could be regarded in that light," I admitted after a moment's thought.

She refrained from asking my own opinion: though, after all, it was of some importance.

- "At first," she said confidentially, "I thought you were a tramp, you know-crawling through the hedge."
- "What made you decide I was not?" I inquired casually. I turned my best profile to her.
 - "When I saw your boots," she confessed.

Now when a man first realises that he owes his social position to his boots he becomes depressed, and thinks that maybe he is not even worthy to wear them. The vale of humility is abysmal when once the descent is commenced.

"You see," she continued, "tramps don't wear boots-that is, not really-simply awful things!"

I confessed to some observance of their footgear. We shuddered in concert. A mutual dislike is often more conducive to friendship than a common esteem.

"But I am keeping you," she said. She was, though not in the sense she meant; I was not unwilling to linger.

"The river," I pointed out, "is always there."

Besides the Mole was no Ganges, nor I a Hindu.

- "Yes, but --- " I inclined a sympathetic ear.
- "I mean I mustn't stop and talk to you," she finished in some confusion.
- "You doubtless have other and pressing duties," I consented
- sadly. "It's not that. I mean I don't think—that is, well, I suppose
- "Nothing matters," said I, "save to those of whom it matters nothing." A satisfying gospel, though preached by few, against which Gossip is powerless.

Though she failed to grasp my meaning, my tone comforted her. Her eye wandered to a seat beneath a willow-a well-placed seat, hidden from prying eyes.

She accepted my proffered hand, and reached the seat in safety, albeit somewhat breathless—a breathlessness I assumed to be more due to her knowledge of a defied convention than the clamber down the bank.

- "It is strange that we should have met in such a way," she mused.
 - "Stranger," quoth I, "that we have never met before."
 - "Why?" said she. "Have you been here often?"
 - I was forced to confess to no previous visit.
- "Then it isn't strange," she affirmed. A grossly material

I gazed upon the silvery river sparkling on its way, shielded from the parching kiss of the sun by the drooping trees which fringed its banks.

I sighed peacefully.

- "Here," I murmured, "a man could dream his life away."
 "Life," she said practically, "is too precious to be spent in
- "Sloth!" I protested. I became almost indignant. "The visionary is no sluggard because he climbs the heights to seek the jewels of life, leaving other men to grope in the mire for gold."
- "I like a man to do something," she said undeviatingly.

 "And the dreamer does much," said I; "at the worst he acts as a sign-post to failure; at the best he colours ignoble ambitions with romance. He is the wizard who transmutes base metal into gold, studs it with precious stones, makes a chaplet fit for a womaneven were she all we thought her."
 - "Really," she said; "all that."
- "Here, too," I went on, unperturbed at her mockery, "could a warrior rest awhile from the fray. Meanwhile a fair, I mean-" My glance wandered from her humorous eyes in search of local colour. "That is to say, a moderately fair maid to unbuckle his armour, dinted with blows."
- "Your jacket is torn," she interrupted, strengthening the imagery.
 - "Scrambling through the hedge," I said unthinkingly.
 - I recovered my senses as she laughed mockingly.
- "I abase myself," I said, humiliated. "Make-believe, the High Priest of Romance, has in me an unworthy disciple."

The clamour of a gong rent the air.

- "Lunch," she cried, rising to her feet.
- I also arose, albeit reluctant. But who was I; however, to pit my puny strength against such an antagonist?
 - "I must go," she murmured.
 - I took the proffered hand.
 - "You will return?" I pleaded.

Propriety reclaimed its victim.

- "Of course not," she said severely. Decorum hissed at me, outraged.
- "Suppose I were seen!" So has Mrs. Grundy trained her daughters. Detection is the scale which measures right and wrong.
- "I won't promise," she answered my insistence; "but-I often do come here after lunch."

But that day she did not. At least, it is to be hoped so—I didn't return myself. THE END.

HE serious questions between the hunts and the poultryrearers, to which I referred in this place a fortnight ago, are likely to receive ample consideration from the head-quarters of both camps, for on Tuesday next (April 12), the Committee of the Masters of Foxhounds Association will meet a Committee selected from the three chief poultry organisations. The invitation to the meeting came from the associations, and the Committee of the M.F. Association was quick to respond. It seems rather optimistic to hope for any settlement that will have the quality of permanence, for we know that the amount have the quality of permanence, for we know that the amount of land given up to poultry-rearing is rapidly on the increase, but a modus vivendi may be reached. There is a considerable volume of opinion in favour of

"MRS, PHILANDER": MRS. P. C. KNOX, WHOSE WEDDING AROUSED SO MUCH INTEREST IN AMERICA.

Before her wedding—it will be recalled that she eloped with Mr. Philander C. Knox jun., son of the American Secretary of State and millionaire — Mrs. Knox was Miss May Boller, and was a shop-girl in Providence. She is not yet nineteen. Her good looks are very evident.

dividing hunting country into districts, over each of which a committee of farmers can be established, with power to settle all questions of com-pensation. As a class farmers are keen followers of the hounds, practical men and honest men, and the interests of both sides should be safe in their hands, for they are among the poultry-keepers as well as the hunting - men. Naturally, the grant of compensation on proper lines, and the establishment of local committees must add to the cost of sport; but many hunting-men do not pay properly for their pastime. The custom of capping will need to be extended in order to see that the strangers and outwas a sbop girl in Providence. She is not yet nineteen. Her good looks are very evident.

Photograph by Topical Agency.

Photograph by Topical Agency.

That the strangers and other siders who help to swell the fields, and are, as a rule, responsible for most of the bad treatment to the land, are not allowed to hunt without

proper contribution to the hunt's expenses.

If I suggest that the chief need is for a temporary arrangement, it is because I have no belief in the permanence of the boom in poultry-raising. It will follow the booms in cheap cottages, intensive culture, vegetarianism, and the rest. There

are people who have built pretty cottages at a low cost, who have raised vegetables out of have raised vegetables out of season and found a profitable market for them, who can live on nuts, dried fruits, beans, lentils, and porridge, and thrive like a tree planted by the waterside. The rank and file of the population—the "bacons," as Falstaff calls them—can do nothing of the kind. Their nothing of the kind. Their cheap cottages prove very dear in the end, their intensive culture leads to nothing, they turn from pulse and fruits to chops and steaks after suffering all the torments of indigestion. So it has been, so it will be, with the poultry-keepers. I can speak with some authority. I nave kept a few hundred head of poultry for years in the country, and have put my hobby on as businesslike a basis as possible. The best I can say for it is that by giving personal supervision to the work of others I have had a certain amount of interest and amusement, have kept good table-birds, have had new-laid eggs in the depth of winter, and lost no money. When I see poultry-farmers set up in my part of the

country I am always sorry for them, and if any man asks my advice I tell him frankly that he will need to work very hard indeed to get a bare living. Unfortunately, numbers of inexperienced men are being led by the extravagant stories current in the Press to embark their little capital in poultry-farming. They will quickly find that there is nothing in the business, they will see trouble coming their way, and if at that moment the fox intervenes and carries off a few of their birds, they will join the ranks of those who are

quite ready to declare that fox-hunting is the pastime of the idle rich, and the destruction of honest enterprise. In a few years much of this honest enterprise will die a natural death. The small holder will be relying more upon other things; if the shortage of pigs continues he will have turned to pigkeeping, and unless the fox changes its habits there will be no further occasion for abuse of the hunt.

I wonder whether the for is really and truly responsible for all the damage laid to his charge. Some years ago I was staying with friends in a part of the country where the otter is hunted in sum-

NOT SUCH APRIL FOOLS AS . WE LOOKED! MR. ROOSEVELT ON A CAMEL.

otter is hunted in summer by drafts from the neighbouring pack of foxhounds. The weather was severe, and there were many complaints about the activity of the foxes. One farmer was very bitter when he lost some birds, and vowed that he would no longer hesitate to use his gun when he found a fox. He did not hunt, and an old claim for compensation had not been fairly met. My host, a keen hunting-man, was much troubled about this, and asked me to come with him to soothe the old farmer, who had some good

coverts on his land. It was cold weather—there had been a snowfall; and as we moved across the fields to the farmer's yards $\, I \,$ saw the clear marks of an otter's pads—the five toes, the centre ball, and no heel. Luckily, although the farmer did not hunt the fox, he had joined the otter-hunters now and again, for the river runs through his land, and he had the true countryman's eyes. At first he was a bit diffi-At first he was a bit diffi-cult and very sceptical, but when we got him out and tracked the otter from the river to the yards where the poultry were kept he gave in, and admitted that otters might have been responsible for the mischief. He added later that when he was a boy, long years before the otter was hunted in that part of the country, he had heard his grandfather tell of chickens young lambs that had fallen victims to the otter when the severe weather was upon the land.



NOT SUCH APRIL FOOLS AS WE LOOKED! MR. ROOSEVELT ON A

CAMEL IN EGYPT THE OTHER DAY.

In our April 1 Supplement of two years ago, we published the faked photograph that is repeated on this page. A glance at the photograph under which these notes appear has convinced us that we are prophets—more or less.—[Photograph by Illus. Rureau.]

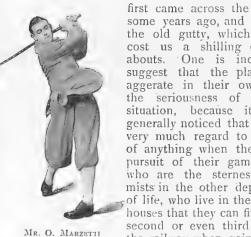


By HENRY LEACH.

Golfers everywhere are very much scared, or Cost of the Ball. are pretending that they are, upon the cir-

cumstance that several brands of the best rubbercored balls have been raised in price from two shillings to half-a-crown; and although at first there were one or two leading firms who would not enter into any arrangement with the others for this increase, there does appear to be a considerable prospect of two-and-six being recognised as the standard price for the article in the near future instead of the florin to which we have been accustomed ever since the Haskell

first came across the Atlantic, some years ago, and displaced the old gutty, which used to cost us a shilling or thereabouts. One is inclined to suggest that the players exaggerate in their own minds the seriousness of the new situation, because it is not generally noticed that they pay very much regard to the cost of anything when they are in pursuit of their game. Men who are the sternest economists in the other departments of life, who live in the cheapest houses that they can find, travel second or even third class on the railway when going to and



from their businesses, and cut their household and personal expenses down to the lowest point, are different beings as soon as they start off for the links with their bag of clubs. It, is then first-class with them in everything, and they will buy one or two new balls—sometimes more—for their day's play when the old ones in their possession would serve them quite well. This is one of the peculiarities of the golfer. He seems to have made up his mind that the game must be an expensive one anyway, and that, in the words of the old saw, he might just as well be hanged

for a sheep as a lamb. When he has done with the game for the time being, the economy begins again. This is the way chiefly in the south, where the game is most costly,

and is constantly becoming more so. In the north they are more careful. Of course there are exceptions everywhere, but the man who carries his own clubs instead of employing a caddie, and applies a coat of paint at night to some old ball with which he has played a

dozen rounds, is an increasing rarity. Therefore, in the total cost of the game to the average man one cannot see that this extra sixpence on to the price of balls

(PEMBROKE). serious difference. Still, perhaps, that is not the right and businesslike way of looking at the matter.

Mr. F. M. M. CARLILE

Of course the manufacturers The Makers' justify the increase in their Excuse. charges by the rise in the price of rubber, but as each ball contains an ounce of it at most, and it has been the general belief that substantial profits were made on the balls when they were sold at two shillings each, the players are disposed to say that the MR. E. R. CAMPBELL



MR. F D. MORTON (ST. JOHN'S).

MR. R. E. WALKER (Magdalen).

THE TEN FROM WHOM THE EIGHT WILL BE CHOSEN: CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS WHO MAY PLAY AGAINST OXFORD. Eight of the ten golfers whose portraits we give will represent Cambridge in the match against Oxford on the 7th.

Photographs by Sports Co.



(TRINITY).

MR. E. S. ULYATT MR. A. C. P. MODRINGTON (Oueen's).

MR. A. G. PEARSON

increase of sixpence is too much, and at the same time they ask the pertinent question as to why they are

allowed more than sixpence each for their old balls, if the rubber they contain is now so valuable. One remembers that in the old days they were allowed ninepence in some cases, but a year or two back some makers would not give more than twopence or threepence. There will be general grumbling for a long time, but one does not expect to find, as some people have suggested, that a result of the change in price be that many players will turn their favour

to the cheaper brands of balls. They will always have the best, and even those golfers who are not really capable of discriminating between the quality of different balls will often buy the most expensive, on the assumption that it is the best, lest, mayhap, their game should suffer a trifle through the employment of inferior materials. If any unexpected circumstances really necessitated the makers charging five shillings each for the best balls, and half-a-crown for seconds, as we might call them, it would be found that there would still be MR. J. S. KENNEDY a great demand for the former. (King's).

One would hesitate to let the manufacturers into this secret of the weakness of the player if one were not convinced by what has been said and done that they already know it and understand it thoroughly.

Few of those who are not A Great Industry. intimately connected with the manufacture of these golf-balls have any idea as to what a really enormous industry it isperhaps the greatest connected with any branch of sport. It was stated just before Easter, when all the talk about this increase of price

first began, that one of the big firms admitted having orders for 4800 gross of balls on its books — 691,200 balls! This would seem quite incredible, if

there were not some other most remarkable statistics at our disposal. It has been calculated that there have been 15,000,000 balls used in Britain in just a single season. Of course, not all of these have been sold at a florin. Suppose the average charge has

been about eighteenpence, then the total sum of £1,125,000 has been spent by the British golfer in the year in the pur-chase of these indispensable commodities. From a conteniplation of such figures as these MR. J. F. IRELAND it is easy to understand what a



temptation it must be to the makers to put prices up when circumstances justify them in doing so. One thing that is to be said in their favour, and which is too often forgotten, is that the cored ball of the present time is a vastly better article than its predecessor of two or three years ago; and at two shillings or halfa-crown it is still much cheaper than was the gutty at a shilling. In golf, as in other affairs, the most expensive article is not always the dearest in the end.



Good work cannot hope to issue from an ill-Argyli Works and appointed factory, particularly one in which the well-being of the workpeople is not carefully Workmen.

regarded. One great cause underlying the fine quality of the present-day Argyll cars is undoubtedly the forethought taken for the comfort of the skilled artisans concerned with the production of the cars which hail from the shores of Loch Lomond. Not only are the great Argyll works perfectly ventilated and warmed, but much has

IMPROVING THE RACE: A SPEED TEST BETWEEN MOTOR - SLEIGHS AT ST. MORITZ. Motor-sleigh races promise to be very popular at St. Moritz and to increase in number with great rapidity. On the occasion illustrated the sleighs were fitted with 2½-h.p. motors of the type used on motor-cycles. The speed attainable on good roads is about 30 miles an hour.—[Photograph by Robertson.]

been done by the officials of the company to secure good housing for the workmen; while at the works themselves a restaurant, capable of seating four hundred diners, is provided, with the cuisine in charge of a competent staff of cooks, who serve a wholesome meal of three courses in the middle of the day at a cost of sixpence per meal. The dining-room is,

moreover, provided with literature in the shape of all the automobile journals, which are greatly appreciated by the whole staff. All this makes for quality in the Argyll car.

The Motor-Cyclist on Tour.

If anything were required to mark the spread of motorcycling, it would assuredly be the enormous number of motor-cyclists met touring throughout the country during the past Easter recess. The motor-cycle in ordinary trim looks fairly full up with raffle, but nevertheless the riders of these fascinating little machines showed extraof these fascinating little machines showed extra-ordinary ingenuity in stowing the impedimenta necessary to several days' absence from home. I learnt of many long journeys being easily per-formed, one rider on a fine fast Humber motorbicycle having travelled from Rhyl to London in the day. Certainly he was on the move from early morn to dewy eve, but he arrived.

The above reference to motor-Everything for the cyclists and their increasing Motor-Cyclist. Motor-Cyclist. numbers upon the road reminds me also of the huge business which has grown up in connection with their manifold requirements, over and above the mercurial machine they bestride. As Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Ltd., have long since made it their boast that they supply motorists with everything but the car, so, by their lately issued catalogue of the motor-cyclist's equipment,

they supply these gentry with everything but the motor-cycle. Nothing short of a close scrutiny of this catalogue will convey an idea of the multiplicity of the motor-cyclist's requirements, and the wide manner in which they differ from those of the car-owner. They are a widely diverging cult, with, as becometh youth, twice the enthusiasm for their pastime.

The Humber

Much credit is due to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of

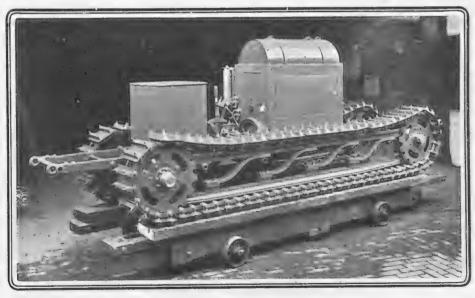
Much credit is due to Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, for the energetic manner in which they have tackled the aeroplane proposition, and done much to remove the stigma of inaction from the British manufacturer.

The flying-machine which they construct, and which they are supplying and have supplied, is a monoplane, engined by a 50-h.p. four-cylinder engine, driving a propeller of 6 ft. 11 in. diameter and 3 ft. 6 in. pitch, which easily provokes the lifting speed of fifty miles per hour. The Humber machine is remarkable for the employment of tubular steel struts of oval section in the construction of the frame. The aeroplane is controlled by the combined use of wing-warping and the elevator and bined use of wing-warping and the elevator and rudder, all operated by the movements of a steering-wheel and its standard. It is earnest for the practical construction of these machines that they issue under the observation of the celebrated French aviator, M. Le Blon, who is directly retained by the Humber Company.

The T.C.F. Works for Foreign Tourists.

Many undesirable and indeed regrettable enactments which pass the French House of Day puties are, most fortunately for France, arrested in their passage to the Statute Book by the wiser resolutions of the Senate. That such a fate should attend the unwise proposals of the Lower House to impose the regulation car-taxes upon motorists who take their cars into France for temporary touring purposes is the sincere wish alike of native and alien automobilists. In this connection it is to be hoped that the earnest representations made to the authorities by that wonderfully efficient and splendidly organised body, the Touring Club of France,

as to the undesirableness of these propositions will receive the closest consideration. In a strongly worded appeal, the club has set out the obvious evil effects of such an enactment, particularly from the point of view of the French hôteliers. This body of



TESTED BY CAPTAIN SCOTT AND TO BE USED IN THE ANTARCTIC: A REMARKABLE MOTOR - SLEIGH.

A REMARKABLE MOTOR - SLEIGH.

This sleigh was tested in Norway recently by Captain Scott, who will take it to the Antarctic, believing that it will be of considerable service to his expedition. It is the work of the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd. The wheels do not touch the ground. An endless chain fitted with spuds and pattens passes over these wheels and slides under each runner. The appearance when the sleigh is moving is very curious, as the chain where it touches the ground appears to stand still whilst the sleigh slides forward over it. This, in fact, is what actually takes place, the upper chain travelling forward at twice the speed of the sleigh.

industrials, who do not form the butt of tyrannical and mischievous measures as in this country, are urged by the club to back up the protest, and as their pockets will be very nearly touched, such a protest is not likely to fail of effect when the measure passes from the Palais Bourbon to the Luxembourg.



BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be good sport seen at Newbury next week, and it is a pity that favourites fare so badly on this course. I think the going is a bit tricky—that is to say, there are patches of bad going to be met with on the course which upset form. The Newbury Spring Cup will be a tame affair Races to Come. this time, as only twenty of the thirty-five entries remain in. A local tip is Ashcot, owned by Prince Hatzfeldt; but I think I'Anson, who was talked about for the Lincoln Handicap, but did not run, has a big chance here. Perseus III. will, it is understood, carry Mr. Whitney's colours, and the horse has been doing well at New market. The two-year-old racing will be good, as usual, at this

to be a winner. It is a remarkable fact that the majority of men who attend a race-meeting are eager to buy an evening paper directly they get home, to read all about it, and it is therefore not unreasonable to suggest that the majority of them would attend a picture show to fight their battles over again. One great argument in favour of putting sporting contests on the sheet is that they contain plenty of exciting incident beloved of the ordinary everyday crowd. The first man who is plucky enough to run a picture show confined to sport of the day, and who is practically topical in his business methods, will make money. One thing is certain—Londoners will at any time interest themselves about their pastimes, and if they



A WHIP FINDS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE A SWIM.

fixture, and fields for the majority of the events will be large. The Epsom Spring Meeting, which takes place on April 19 and 20, will show us some of the best sport of the spring; and it is now said that Minoru will carry his Majesty's colours in the City and Suburban. If the horse wins there will be a big roar on the hill. The Great

Metropolitan is very likely to be won by Laughing Mirror, although down Wiltshire way they say Elizabetta is good business for this race. Following Epsom there will be three good days' sport at Sandown Park.

Then comes Chester on May 3, 4, and 5.

The Chester Cup, which has filled after all, will provide a good contest. The Jubilee Meeting at Kempton takes place on May 6 and 7. This will attract a big crowd to Sunbury, and it is hoped that his Majesty the King may be present on both days. The Jubilee Handicap will, as usual, be a very exciting contest, as many of the

best handicappers in training are engaged. It is just possible that Llangwm will be ridden by Maher; and if the horse is sound, he ought to win.

Those who Pictures. have seen the reproduction of the race for the Grand National at some of the picture theatres declare the show to be very good. Unfortunately, the horses are made to go too fast—about one hundred miles an hour—and the fences shown are only those in the near neighbourhood of the stands. However, the idea is one capable of development, and I think the time is not far distant when the whole of the meetings that take place in the Metropolitan district

will be reproduced at night at all the bioscope shows in London. The late Tom Barrasford used to reproduce in his hall at Leeds the race taken part in by his horse Little Layton earlier in the afternoon and the locals simply went mad with delight if the animal happened



ASKING TO BE LET OUT.

cannot attend the meetings, they will pay to see the fun reproduced on the boards.

Interest will now wake up in the chief race of the The Derby. year, and it is just on the cards that lively speculation will take place over this year's Blue Ribbon of the Turf.

Lemberg, who has wintered well and is giving the greatest satisfaction to Alec Taylor, is

the greatest satisfaction to Alec Taylor, is certain to be a great favourite with the public, especially if, as is expected, Frank Wootton is to ride. Neil Gow looks well, and he has grown into a nice colt. Maher has been down to Newmarket to ride him at exercise, and the colt is as quiet as a lamb on the exercise-ground; but he is bad at the gate, and for that reason many of the plungers will not have him at any price. If a large field starts it is just possible that he may be upset at the post, which would be a calamity indeed, as he could not afford to give away much start in

to give away much start in this race of all others. If he gets away on equal terms I think he will win easily; but that terrible "if" has to be got over first. I am told that Sam Darling thinks that Tressady will run well for the Derby. He has been allowed to go along quietly up to now, so as to give him every chance to develop. The local touts speak very highly of his chance. Admiral Hawke is looking well, but I do not think he will turn out to be a second Spearmint. He is a good-looking colt, and is well bred enough, but 1 think he is held safe by Neil Gow. The same remark will apply to Greenback, who may be fast without being a stayer. Lord Villiers is a good



SPORT AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: WITH THE TRINITY BEAGLES.

HOUNDS BEING LET OUT OF THEIR CART.

sportsman, and many people would like to see his colours to the fore, but I do not think he will win this year's Derby, at any rate.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Half-Hearted Revellers. There is no doubt that the coquetting with Socialism by the intellectual classes has had a marked effect on society in England, and that

people of leisure and wealth no longer enjoy their privileges with the old fine, careless rapture. They are but half-hearted revellers nowadays; and a modern young man, once he has passed his under-

graduate days, has few inclinations towards celebrating Dionysiac rites, nor does he exhibit any of that perfervid joie de vivre, that love of strong wine, of fisticuffs, of lurid loves which distinguished his ancestor at the beginning of a previous century. The feast, in this conscientious decade, is but a shadow of what our forefathers indulged in. The modern Londoner, eating an exquisite dinner at some modish restaurant, has one eye, as it were, on the submerged tenth and the other on the pêche à la Melba. There may be roses at the banquet, but they are not on the brows of the guests. It is only in comparatively young countries, like the United States of America, that plutocracy can indulge its extravagant whims with a light and callous heart. In Europe social conditions have become too poignant and too acute to permit even the most frivolous persons to squander a fortune without a hesitation or a qualm. Even the modish woman, with her parted hair and narrow, pensive draperies, has a chastened and thoughtful air.

This is a ques-What of the Season? This is a question which every woman is asking feverishly just now. Will there be a season, or the turmoil and strife, the endless arguments, the battle and fray of another General Election? Some of us, to be sure, who are enamoured of the country lanes in June could amuse ourselves all the winter and do without this period of feverish social activity at all, did we not remember what an army of working people of all kinds and degrees are employed in fashioning the entertainments, the fallals and furbelows, the feasts, the flowers, the jewels, and the music of a successful London season. Somehow, people will not spend largely or set things going on a big scale except when the hawthorns begin to bloom and horses are in training for Ascot. Yet women who have retained a box at the Opera for three nights a week are asking themselves seriously if they will be able to occupy these coigns of social vantage, or if they will be canvass-ing a slum in the Midlands or spending weary evenings at hostile

political meetings. It is a parlous state of affairs for the modern English woman, for she cannot give up her influence in politics, and social delights, if it comes to a crisis, will have to go by the board

Wanted—a Saturnalia. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in one of his essays, points out the crying need of a national Saturnalia, a day of topsy-turvydom such as the Romans indulged in once a year, and which was celebrated, in Mediæval

England, under a Lord of Misrule. These wild and fantastic feasts were a sort of safety-valve for all the grievances, the jealousies, the envies of the Roman plebs. It must have been so good for Cæsar to be told. annually, by a howling populace what they really thought of him and how he actually appeared in their eyes. In modern times we have no such outlet for national

criticism, except the somewhat dreary and discredited plan of speaking to a small crowd of scoffers near the Marble Arch. For the Saturnalia should be as gloriously rowdy, as inconsequent, as full of the untamed love of life as an Oxford "rag." It must be ironical, gay, and malicious, sparing no one, and forcing the note of contrast to the utmost It must Women, I often think, limit suffer all their lives for not having been bullied and ragged as public schoolboys are. They are, com-pared to men, far more inclined to take themselves seriously, to overrate their importance, to exaggerate their influence. They are, in a word, as Cæsar was in the Roman world. A Saturnalia once a year would put many a censorious and impeccable ma ron in her true place; while if all the fathers went to school for one day and small boys reigned on the drawing-room hearthrug, a truer sense of equality would afterwards prevail, and life be shorn of the necessity of much hypocrisy and servility.

Whenever Elusive Menus. ladies' portion of a penny—and even of a halfpenny—newspaper, I am met by "To-morrow's Menu," which consists of a list of amazing dishes which, one may truthfully say, seldom appear on any British dinner-table of any class in these islands. At eight o'clock tomorrow neither I who write, nor you, gentle reader, will sit down in the bosom of our families to the following meal, which is composed, with cheerful optimism, by an esteemed evening journal. This simple dinner consists of "Spinach soup. Filets de sole maître d'hôtel. Quenelles of chicken. Tournedos of beef aux anchois. Roast quail. Coffee mousse. Fruit salad and ice-cream. Anchovy croûtes." I don't know which is the more amusing, the mixture of two tongues—a kind of gastronomic Entente Cordiale-in which the menu is written, or the faith it reposes in the resources and intelligence of the average English cook. We might show

this pleasingly composed feast to that official, but be sure that she will take her own line and send us up plain boiled cod with melted butter—a dish which Mr. A. B. Walkley once declared was invented for the British spinster—a nameless entrée, roast mutton, blancmange, and cheese-straws. Thus will the menu of fantasy elude us, and leave us with the stern realities of the average dinner as it is sent up to thousands of non-resisting persons who dream of, but cannot attain, a more variegated and exciting menu.



A CHARMING DINNER AND DANCE GOWN, WITH A BODICE OF WHITE NINON AND AN UNDERSKIRT OF SILVER BEADING.

For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



The Return to the Horse.

There are now as many riders in the Row as there were in the height of last season. They are not confined to the liver brigade; there are

are not confined to the liver brigade; there are smart young men and fresh, pretty girls; there are modern grand-mothers galloping along and young married pairs. Dress is much more circumspect than it was. There is a return to the neat equestrian style—men do not wear stable-caps, nor women blouses, in the saddle. There is no indication of a return to long, tight trousers, tall silk hats, and frock-coats for the sterner sex, such as obtained in Prince Albert's time; but there is an air of spick-and-span saddle-dress about the men, and the ladies' habits and hats are all right. Many of the younger women are riding astride, and very well they look in long-skirted coats and neat boots. I fancy the motor is taking its place as the most useful and speedy means of conveyance, and the horse as the way of pleasure and healthful profit.

Costly Fabrics. Our friends the modistes always get down to the bottom of our purses, whatever the fashions may be. This year, the simplicity of the frocks is counterbalanced by the cost of the materials. Eighteen shillings a yard for one of the new foulards is a mere bagatelle for a smart modiste. There are crêpes-de-Chine at a pound a yard used for voluminous folds. There are Persian, Egyptian, and Grecian embroideries that make up in cost for the sparseness with which they are used on simple little dresses. Also it is by no means uncommon to find that a simple gown of white ninon is veiled with net wrought with cabochon jewelling that is very costly. Flowers, too, which will be much worn this season, are unusual and very expensive. Although we are to have skimpy skirts and frocks ostentatiously simple, yet the cry is still "Your dress will cost you more."

Uncertainty. We are experiencing all the excitement and inconvenience of not having the smallest idea what is going to happen. Ascot, the Opera, polo, Henley, the 'Varsity and Eton and Harrow matches, of course; and all the other inevitables: these are quite features of a London season, but they do not make it. That falls to the lot of the private entertainers, and they do not know what to do. They cannot arrange dates for balls, concerts, fêtes, and what not pleasures when an election may upset all their plans. Also, the purse-bearers are suffering from uncertainty—finance is all agley, and expenditure is very cautious. A number of rich Americans are coming over with the avowed intention of party-giving. The Duchess of Devonshire and the Countess of Derby will both make débuts as great London hostesses. No doubt we shall have a brilliant time, but entertaining

promises to be

spasmodic and impromptu. For these attributes it is never the worse. The old days of four to six weeks'

invitations are quite over. The modern man and woman would never remember such

archaic

gagements.

Dining A sign of the

Out. times

is that young people have

come to look

on dinner-parties as desirable

entertainments. They like to dinebeforethey

dance, they enjoy dinner-

parties before

going to the

modern grand-

father and grandmother

play.

As the



A SWEET THING IN CHAIRS: MISS PHYLLIS DARE
"IN THE CHAIR"—BUT NOT A CHAIR-MAN.
Miss Phyllis Dare, who was recently playing in "The Arcadians,"
is here seen "resting" in particularly comfortable conditions. She
will appear at the Gaiety for the first time next winter.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

their years—or efface them—and enjoy the pleasures of youth, so do the young men and girls meet them on the common ground of appreciating nice dinners and the society of their elders. The

dinner-gown which can also be the dance-gown is therefore an important part of a girl's outfit. A charming one is illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of white ninon, the bodice and the underskirt of a network of silver beading. The top of the bodice and the band round the sleeves to the elbow are of embroidered silk.

Quaint Conceits. The smartest thing one can be is quaint. The dictionary gives several definitions of the word. "Odd, fanciful, singular" are those applicable to the present fashion. It is not exactly picturesqueness that is aimed at, but singularity.

It amounts sometimes to untidiness, but more often to a fascinating and apparently unstudied neatness. The hats are quaint, any shape at all, and worn right over the head, with just a little hair showing underneath at either side, often none showing in front. Then coats are quaint. I saw one, severely tailormade, opening over a transparent front of skin-white tulle. The effect was as if the coat had been donned over a décolleté gown. It was singular... long racing-coat of green velvet was braided across, hussar fashion, and then left open from the waist, showing a blouse of delicate laces. The effect was fanciful. There will be wild things done under this license of quaint-ness. On the other



A "MORTAL EFFORT" THAT MAY SOON BE MADE AT THE HALLS: PERLA IN THE SOUL DANCES OF BRAHMA.

The Soul Dances of Brahma, in which that attractive young dancer known as Perla may shortly be seen at the halls, are said to be the earliest dances recorded in history. They portray, not human passions, but the soul of the Brahman dancer, Siva. The three dances are the Dance of the Seven Circles, the Dance of Youth, and the End of Mortal Effort.

Photograph by the Hana Studios

hand, we shall see wonderfully attractive real quaintnesses in dress suiting pretty people and cleverly carried out.

Negative Times. "What's the good of anyfink?—why, nofink," is said to be coster philosophy; it fits in admirably with the negative character of the times we live in. There is no fashion, everything can be made to look smart; there is no Government, it is a case of much cry and little wool; there is no regular entertaining, it is all on the spur of a few days; there are no enthusiasms, we drag along our skimpy skirts from one place to another and wearily smile where once we laughed out hearty enjoyment; there is no hospitality as it was once understood. We are the victims of bloodless revolutions in many ways which are working beneath the surface of our lives. The result will inevitably be reaction—in what direction it would be hard to say.

Among Ministers of the existing Parliament, the freshest and merriest of all in these hours of anxiety is Mr. Birrell. He is never too harassed to be gay. But then he keeps an eye upon his temperature, and needs but to be warm to be certain that all is well with himself. He is not like Herbert Spencer, who, if he found his pulse one beat above or below the normal, would stop his little hired brougham and scoot off home. No, Mr. Birrell's method is different, and arises from a simple incident. Upon a day he believed himself stricken with a mortal disease, and crawled, one broiling afternoon, into the house of a great specialist. Perspiring and panting, he sat down to wait, and picked up a book which by chance dealt with the very disease of which he believed himself a victim. The first thing that struck his eye was the sentence, "The patient who is suffering from this disease never perspires." He wiped his steaming brow, seized up his hat and gloves, skipped home, and has never since felt twinge or pang.

Investors anxious to strike oil will be interested to learn that the subscription-list of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company, Ltd., opens to-day (the 6th), and closes on or before the 9th inst. The Company has been formed to acquire, from the Premier Petroleum Company, Ltd., the whole share capital of an Austrian Company, Die Premier Petroleum Gesellschaft, which holds the leases of $52\frac{1}{2}$ acres of oilfields at Tustanowice, in Galicia, described as the best oil-producing district in the Austrian Empire. The capital of the new Company is to be £330,000, in shares of £1 each. The directors and their friends have underwritten 100,000 of the shares.

CITY NOTES.

"Sketch" City Offices, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 13.

THE MARKET AND MONEY.

HE Rubber boom has got so frantic that, in sheer despair, people have been driven into other directions to satisfy their newly born speculative instincts, for, after all, "boom fever" is very much of the same nature as scarlet fever, bubonic plague, or small-pox—very difficult to isolate. In ordinary times the last Bank Return would have made the markets pause, but as things are, it has not caused even a shiver. The 4 per cent. rate does not, so far, seem to be attracting much gold, and the reserve is now seven and a half millions less than it was a year ago. Of course, in a week or two circulation will flow back from the provinces, but the effect will certainly not be enough to re-establish a normal position, and it is clear that if a higher minimum (with all its attendant troubles) is to be avoided, gold must be coaxed from somewhere. It is hoped that New York may supply the needful, and if so all may yet be well.

THE CANADIAN BOOMLET.

Readers of these columns have been prepared for some time past—by frequent counsel to buy Grand Trunks—for the sharp rise that has taken place in the securities of the Company. We have on several occasions quoted from correspondence that has reached us from writers in different parts of the that has reached us from writers in different parts of the Dominion, who were unanimous in their assurance that the current year will prove a boom-time for Canada and her industries. That Canadian Pacific shares should have hung back in the general advance which has taken place is due, of course, to the malinfluence of the American Railroad Market, where the labour, money, and legal conditions have for some time past militated against any bullish animation worth mentioning. Canadas, however, will have their day and go to 200 once more. The rise in Hudson's Bays is also going to continue. By the arrangement concluded between the Hudson's Bay Company and Mr. Richard Burbidge, of Harrod's Stores, the profits of the former are likely to be considerably augmented in the future. Bays are heavy shares to handle, but those who take their courage and Bays in the same grip are not likely to regret—we love an Irishism the step.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"If," said The Jobber, "we were Rubber mad a month ago, we must now be described as Rubber frantic."

"Have you ever seen a boom like this before?" inquired The

Engineer. "Never," replied both the Stock Exchange members simul-

"It passes all my experience," confessed The Broker.

"And mine," confirmed his confrère. "We have made more money, perhaps, in previous booms; but for sheer public interest and all the work that it entails this boom buns all."

"But the Stock Exchange is running half-a-dozen booms at the present time," remarked The Merchant. "Home Rails, Canadians, Rubbers, Rhodesians—sometimes—to say nothing of the minor markets." markets.

"All things come to an end, like a tale that is told," quoted

The Banker incorrectly.

"It's awfully good fun, though, it is really, this Rubber boom," laughed The Broker. "I'm positively enjoying it, and feel ten years younger for being knocked about, pounded till my every bone aches, and deafened until I can hardly hear my wife asking for a new sealskin jacket."

The Jobber shook his head and looked more serious.
"I've only just gone into the market, of course," he said; "but it's killing work, this incessant barging about, frenzied mobbing, and ear-splitting pandemonium of all hell let loose to gamble in Rubber shares.

"May we ask to what, or whom, your allusion to the infernal regions refers?" asked The Banker, leaning forward.

"I'm afraid you mayn't, Sir," laughed his vis-à-vis. "If—"
"You're all making pots of money," said The Engineer

enviously.

- "The jobbers are," declared The Broker. "Just think. There are many men in the market whose office rent runs to about fifty pounds a year, staff's salaries, say, at the very outside five hundred a year, and they rake in at least a hundred a day in jobbing. That's thirty thousand pounds a year for you, and I'm not exaggerating a
- little bit."
 "Lots of men are making more than that," continued The "And we poor brokers, who really do all the work, have to maintain more expensive offices, larger staffs, immensely greater cost in the way of telephones and so on—we make far less than those lucky bound——" His sentence trickled into a sob.
 "Time to sell 'em yet?" asked The Merchant, ever practical.
 "My dear old chap, we've all sold our shares, and are all wringing our hands to think of what we should have made had we kept

what we bought."

"I asked if it were time to sell'em yet," repeated The Merchant,

practical as ever.

"What do you say?" and The Broker turned to The Jobber.
The latter shrugged his shoulders. "Somebody's got to hold

the blessed kid," he replied.
"But there's no real smash-up coming just yet, you can take my

word for it," roundly declared The Merchant himself.
"Prices are beyond all justification in numbers of cases," The Banker reminded him.

"Most decidedly they are. That's not going to prevent them being better still, all the same."

"Look at Malaccas! They're at an absolutely absurd price."

"And will go better still when they split them into four. If you look at the thing reasonably, there's nothing to stop the boom," except physical exhaustion."

Supposing the public stopped buying, and began to sell?"

The City Editor spoke for the first time.

"Ah, now you've put your finger on a danger-spot. If that happened, I rather guess we'd see some fun in the other direction."

"Well, I have a fancy for all low-priced things which are not utter swindles," said The Jobber cheerfully, "and I don't believe for a moment that the rise in the big things is finished."

"It's a more trustwerthy market then the Phodesian" declared

"It's a more trustworthy market than the Rhodesian," declared The Jobber. "Or the Oil Market."

"I don't much like the look of the Oil so-called boom," was

The City Editor's comment.

"Yes" said The Engineer; "it has only been got up to relieve the public of some of the profits they have made out of Rubber. That is about the size of it.

The Broker was about to protest vigorously when the conver-

sation was adroitly turned.

"How is it that none of the papers get correct prices for the Rubber shares? It perplexes me. Can you solve the problem?"—

and The Banker turned to The Jobber.
"In the first place, most of the Rubber prices are so wild that the unlucky beggars who get them can't be sure of taking the very last price. Then there are so many, and men are so busy, that there really isn't time to do the lists properly, and consequently any amount of wrong prices get sent out every night."

"I see," returned The Banker; "but it seems to me a pity that

the majority of the papers don't have more accurate prices."

"Oh, well," said The Jobber, reaching for his hat and looking at The City Editor, "it doesn't much matter. Everyone knows what newspapers are, and makes allowances for their little weaknesses." And out he got without waiting for the retort.

HOME RAILS.

The practical settlement of the South Wales coal trade dispute has led to a smart recovery in Home Rails, and the splendid traffics have assisted this movement. The tendency is to run after the most speculative stocks—for just now the public is in a speculative mood—so Chatham Ordinary, South Eastern Deferred, and District Ordinary have felt the full advantage of the movement. We think that the low-priced dividend-payers will probably pay best to follow, and for this reason prefer Metropolitans to Districts. The latter cost, say, 25, and there is a full dividend to be earned on the First and say, 25, and there is a full dividend to be earned on the First and Second Preference before they can get a penny; while Metropolitans, which will for 1910 get probably 2 per cent., can be bought for about 45, and have equal prospects of steady improvement. The same arguments apply to South Eastern Deferred as compared with South Western or Great Northern Deferred. For 1909 the former got nothing, and for 1910 the yield must be very small; yet they stand at 1812, while South Western paid 18 last year, and will in all stand at $38\frac{1}{2}$; while South Western paid $1\frac{3}{4}$ last year, and will in all probability receive 2 per cent. for 1910, yet there is only a seven points difference in price.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN AND GREAT WESTERN POSITION

In the hurly-burly of a Stock Exchange boom, the subject of a working alliance between these two lines has rather dropped out of sight; although in quieter times it would have been an important bull factor. Current gossip says that the negotiations are proceeding very smoothly, and an official announcement may be made at any time. There can be no question that the stocks of both lines would respond at once to the important economies which the conclusion of a satisfactory agreement would enable the Companies to The dividend on Great Westerns was for last year 51 per cent, or, at present price, the investor g ts $\frac{1}{4^{\frac{1}{2}}}$ per cent. for his money; while the return on South Western Deferred (assuming that 2 per cent. is being earned) is about £4 8s. per cent. If the long-wished-for agreement enables these dividends to be increased by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in each case—surely not an unreasonable assumption—the yield at present prices of both stocks would be a full f per cent to the present prices of both stocks would be a full 5 per cent to the buyer. It seems to us, therefore, that the effect of a satisfactory agreement has not been discounted at present, and that both Great Westerns and South Westerns are good speculative purchases at current market prices.

KAFFIRS.

There has been a marked influx of business in the South African Market during the last few days, and with the public appetite for speculation whetted by the profits that nearly every little punter has made out of Rubber, it looks not improbable that the long-expected boom in Kaffirs is about to begin. Not only is it in London that things look propitious, but good orders are coming forward from Paris. Goldfields and Rand Mines—always favourites of ours—have

been noticeably firm. The report of the General Mining and Finance Company was of a remarkably favourable nature; Goerz and Co. are very promising, and Oceanas not a bad speculative purchase. The Randfontein group is coming into notice and favour, and the Randfontein Extensions meeting, which will shortly be held, is

likely to encourage the buyers.

In considering Kaffir prospects, it must not be forgotten that expenses have now been so reduced on the Rand that the Main Reef can be profitably milled in almost all cases, so that the reserves of many mines are thereby largely increased, and their lives in numerous instances considerably lengthened. Harmony and Ulundi are both cheap market tips; but every buyer must understand that he is in for a gamble pure and simple, so we hope readers who act on what we have said will not "squeak" if they lose their money. We can only tell them what the market thinks, not what is going to happen. Saturday, April 2, 1910.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Shetch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, IV.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the unformation necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies' of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intriviate matters of account cannot be consider

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. G.—(1) The rise in this Company's shares seems to correspond with the rise in the shares of the various Companies it holds. The question of holding in all cases depends on the question whether the Rubber, boom is to continue and go further or not. (2) A good Company. (3) You can get about 10s. premium. (4) We do not remember mentioning this Company. It is a small concern, and worth holding.

S. B.—Not bad to buy for what you want. We prefer Metropolitans.

O. S. R.—We hold some shares, and hear they are worth keeping.

Speculative Investor.—Good Argentine Railway stock such as Central Argentine Deferred or United of Havana Ordinary or North Western of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds or Araraquara Railway 6 per cent. Debentures might suit you, or you might prefer some good Preference stocks of one or two Trust Companies. International or Indian and General or Alliance are all cheap.

W. H. H.—(1) See answer to "O. S. R." (2) About the end of the year.

(3) See notes from time to time.

BORAK.—There is no room in this column to make comparisons. (a) Debentures are always better than shares. (b) The securities of Governments are essentially different from Industrials. (c, d, and e) We don't know. (f and g) Oversubscribed. Yes, as safe as these things can be. Price now 6d. and 1s. premium respectively. We are not awarding marks in a prize competition.

ROCK.—We have no special information, but hear the shares should be held. These Meat concerns are very speculative.

KUBA.—The Ordinary shares were all "water." We do not know what you paid for yours, but they are a long shot, and present traffics not very encouraging. CLARIONETTE.—Your Company is as dead as Queen Anne.

C. C.—The bank is a bill-of-sale sort of money-lending affair, and would not be good enough for our money.

You:—The shares have been so persistently pushed by bucket-shop people you name that we feel sure they have an option on a big block, and that somebody wants to get out. Don't buy.

LILXWHITE.—(1) We do not recommend them. (2) Quite genuine and honest.

W. H.—There is trouble over the management. Better wait a bit.

honest.

W. H.—There is trouble over the management. Better wait a bit.

'Nero.—(1) The Egyptian position is not liked. Patriotism is too much in evidence. (2) The Company is quite unknown here.

IGNORANT.—You cannot expect a broker to buy shares standing at over ten shillings under threepence a share. You are lucky not to be charged more.

E. V.—You must use your own discretion. It is quite impossible to fix prices at which to realise in such wild markets. Why not sell half and hold the rest?

Warrants for the half-yearly dividend on the Ordinary shares of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., were posted on March 31.

There is in preparation the prospectus of the British Roumanian Oil Company, which will acquire properties in the Bustenari, Tsintea, and other districts, one of which is already well equipped and capable of giving a very profitable yield.

Messis, Walter Judd publish a new and enlarged edition of their excellent series of short biographical notices, known as the "Anglo-African Who's Who." The editor is Mr. Leo Weinthal, managing editor of the African World.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester, the following should go close: Melton Plate, Hestia; Leicester, the following should go close: Methol Plate, Plate, Plate Leicester Handicap, Fop; Moderate Handicap, Stanway. At Eglinton, Hoar Abbey may win the Scottish Grand National. At Newbury, these should run well: Spring Cup, Perseus III.; Greenham Stakes, Lonawand; Berkshire Handicap, Pessimist; Spring Stakes, Perla; Spring Produce Stakes, Whistle Bird.

A Prospectus has been Filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states, amongst other things, that—

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL OPEN ON WEDNESDAY, THE 6th INST., AND CLOSE ON OR BEFORE SATURDAY, THE 9th INST.

PREMIER OIL & PIPE LINE COMPANY, LTD.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

CAPITAL — £330,000

In 330,000 Shares of £1 each, the whole of which are now offered for subscription at par, payable as follows—

2/- on application. 5/- one month after allotment.

3/- on allotment. 10/- two months after allotment.

The Directors and their friends have underwritten 100,000 of the above Shares of which 50,000 will be allotted to them firm.

DIRECTORS.

EDWARD THOMAS BOXALL, Eldon Street House, Eldon Street, London, E.C. (Chairman).

London, E.C. (Chairman).

CORNELL'S ROZENRAAD, 5, Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.

EDWARD FUCHSBALG (Messrs. Schenker and Co.), 70 and 71,

Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

ALBERT VAN DEN BERGH, 82 and 83. Fenchurch Street,

London, E.C.

HENRY VAN DEN BERGH (Director of Van Den Berghs, Ltd.), 82 and 83,

Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

HENRY VAN DEN BERGH (Director of van Den Berghs, Edd.), of Shells, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO. (for the Company), 17, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

WALTER B. STYER (for the Vendor Company), 11 & 12, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS.

BARCLAY & COMPANY, LIMITED, 117, Leadenhall Street, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

MYERS & CO.,

MYERS & CO.,

Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE and CO., 3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES.

FRANCIS S, KEANE, Eldon Street House, Eldon Street, London, E.C.

The Company has been formed to acquire from the Premier Petroleum Company Limited, the whole of the Share Capital of the Austrian Company, Die Premier Petroleum Gesellschaft m.b.H., which holds the Leases (duly Registered in Austria) of \$23\frac{1}{2}\$ acres of well-known Oilbearing land situated at Tustanowice, the oil district in Galicia. This area is in the centre of what is recognised as the best oil-producing district in the Austrian Empire.

The development of the property has been steadily continuing since the inception of the undertaking in 1908. Five wells have been sunk on the property, and there is ample room, according to the certificate of the Mining Engineer, Poitr Miaczynski, hereinafter set out, to sink about twenty-five more. Three of the five wells are now producing oil, and have actually yielded during the six months ending 31st January last an average of about 5500 tons monthly, as shown by the Report of Messrs, Price, Waterhouse, and Co. The fourth well has spouted, and the boring of the fifth well is at present being proceeded with.

The plant on the premises, comprising Offices, Dwelling House, Boiler House, Machine Room, Pumping Station, Warehouses, Stables, etc., are all of a very substantial character, and are new and up to date.

The iand is held in about equal areas on three leases on favourable terms, subject to royalties on the production payable in Oil. Two of the present leases expire on the roth November, 1926, the third on the 30th October, 1921, but in the first two leases a clause provides for the right of renewal for a further 25 years, and in the third lease there is a provision enabling the Lessee to continue pumping the Oil for a further period of three years after the termination of the lease, subject to a royalty.

Last year a Union of Crude Oil Producers was established in Austria, of which the Premier Gesellschaft is a member. The Union has secured the adhesion of about 80 per cent. of the crude Oil producers. It has concluded a contract with the Austrian Government f

this might be also connected up with other Companies, and the charge made for carrying their Oil would considerably augment the Company's profits.

The Works are under competent management with an efficient staff, and the continuity in the working will be preserved.

The Following is a Report of the Mining Engineer, Poitr Miaczynski—
BORYSLAW, 18th March, 1910.

The Portoning is a texport of the strining Engineer, 1918 Morestaw, 18th March, 1910.

The Premier Petrolrum Company, Ltd., London.

Dear Sirs,—As Mining Engineer authorised by the Authorities and as judicially sworn Expert I confirm that on your mining territory in Tustanowice, which is perfectly well known to me; comprising the ground plots, "Borak" 4437/2, "Hubicze" 4437/4, and "Derezye," 4437/4, the total area of which is 37 (thirty-seven) Joen 275 Klafter, that there is room for another 25 (twenty-five) shafts with all the requisite accessory Buildings, in addition to the already existing 5 Shafts, under maintenance of the Regulations of the Mining Police, and on the basis of a distance of 100 metres from Shaft to Shaft, which affords the completest guarantee for a reasonable exploitation of the Crude Oil.

(Signed) Pottr Miaczynski, Authorised Mining Engineer.

The following is a copy of the Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co.—
3, Fredericks Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.
14th March, 191c.
Eldon Street House, Eldon Street, E.C.
ENTLEMEN,—We have extracted from the daily reports of the Manager of the Premier
Petroleum Gesellschaft m.b.H., Boryslaw, for the six months ending 31st January, 1910, the
quantities of Oil produced by the three wells in Tustanowice belonging to that Company. Two
of the wells have been Oil-producing during the whole of the period, whilst the third has been
producing since 2nd November, 1909. The quantities stated by the Manager in his daily reports
to have been produced by the three wells may be summarised as follows:

Tons.

August 1909 5950

August 1909	***	***	***	***	5950
September 1909	884	***			5270
October 1909	***	***			5180
November 1909	***	1.04	****	***	- 6030
December 1909	***		***		5730
January 1910	6 4 4	***			5190
					33,350

or an average of 5558 tons per month.

The accounts of the Pipe Line Company (the Galizische Karpathen Petroleum Aktien-Gesellschaft) which have been produced to us show that the following quantities of the above Oil have been disposed of—

Deliveries to the Union of Crude Oil Producers (Landesverband der Rohoelproduzenten Gesellschaft mb.H.), as evidenced by the invoices of that Company, produced to us

Tons 26,012
6,866

or over £50,000 per annum.

or over £50,000 per annum.

For the purpose of estimating the above profits, the price of crude Oil is taken at Kr. 2 60, against the present price of Kr. 2 92, and as the consumption is greatly on the increase, it is anticipated that the quotation will be a rising one.

The price payable to the Vendor Company for the purchase of the Share Capital of the Austrian Company is the sum of £280,000; which leaves £50,000 for Working Capital, the whole of the expenses of the formation of this Company, including the underwriting and overriding commissions being borne by the Vendor Company. The Company will take over the property as from the 31st March, 1010, and the Vendor Company will discharge all the debts of the Austrian Company up to that date.

The Vendor Company will pay a brokerage of 3d. per Share on Shares allotted on applications bearing Brokers' stamps.

It is intended to make an application in due course to the Stock Exchange Committee for a settlement and quotation in the Shares.

Applications for Shares must be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with a remittance of the amount payable on application.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Realests.

on application.
Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers and the Secretary of the Company.

JOHN BARKER & C

NOTED HOUSE FOR LADIES' OUTFITTING AND LINGERIE.

EXHIBITION OF ALL THE LATEST

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS

THE collection contains models suitable to all figures, and the extreme beauty of their design is only equalled by the perfection of the workmanship. These wonderful corsets are worn by all the leaders of Fashion-in London, Paris, Vienna, and other fashion centres of Europe.

No expense is spared to secure the latest and most fashionable shapes, and wearers of these corsets can always carry successfully the most daring and difficult creations of the fashion artistes.

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In White, 15/11; over 30 inch, 17/11; Super quality, 21/9; over 30 inch, 24/9.

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The lovely face; the beautiful wee form; the tine lovely lace; the Deautiful Wee form; the tiny flower-like hands and feet, all and each call for special care. We have been caring for babies' feet for over seventy years—helping to preserve their loveliness; keeping their beauty perfect by shaping shoes in proper and natural forms; choosing with thought the material having uppermost in our minds the need for special care of the feet. Every shape and every shoe is thought out to meet Nature's demands.

Readers who have children to care for will appreciate our new booklet, "The Art of Shoeing Children," sent post free to applicants mentioning this paper. Ask for Brochure J. N. 9; write to 78-80 Edgware Road.

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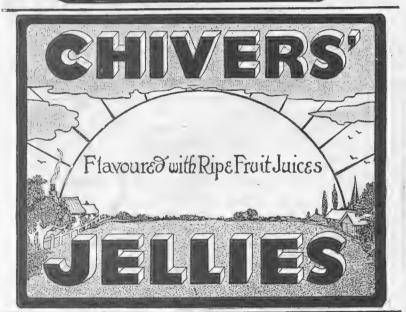
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PACIFIC LINE TRANSATLANTIC MAIL STRS.

II DAYS OROPESA (tw. sc.) 5353 tons, April 7.

ORITA (tw. sc.) 9365 tons, April 21.

Return Tickets valid six months.

ILONDON SADDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.,

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.,

LIVERPOOL. (THE PACIFIC STEAM

LIVERPOOL THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,

A Post-card brings free Samples. Hinde's, Ltd., 1, City Rd., London

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Sandorides "LUCANA" Cigarettes Are Delicious in Flavour, of Delightful Aroma, and Harmless on account of their Absolute Purity. Their charm never fails. They are acclaimed everywhere as the World's Perfect Cigarettes:

Highest Grade Virginia Code L.V.

100 50 20 4/9 2/6 1/-

Egyptian Blend Code E.B. 6/- 3/- 1/6

Choicest

Selected Turkish Leaf Code L.T.

100 50 20 4/9 2/6 1/-

The World's Perfect Cigarettes.

Sandorides "LUCANA" Mixture

Is the limit of luxury in pipe smoking. from pure and selected leaf, the thick stalk being carefully eliminated, thus giving a cool and healthy smoke.

4 ozs. 2/6 2 ozs. 1/3 1 oz. 8d. Packed in Patent Vacuumized Tins.

MILD. MEDIUM. COARSE CUT.

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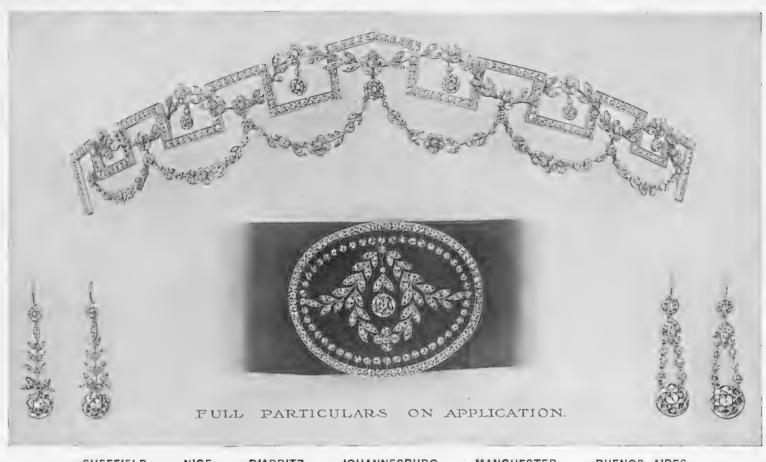
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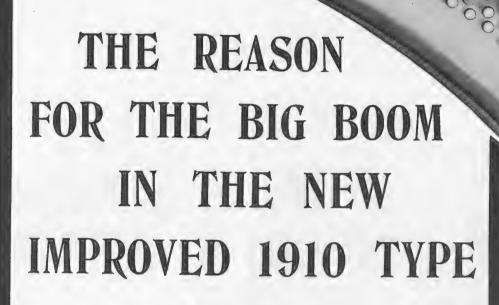
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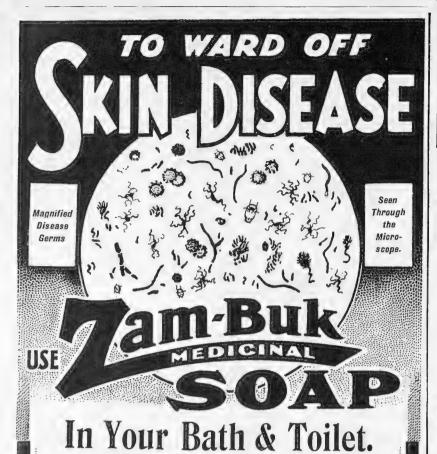
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ness and elasticity that no ordinary toilet soap, however good, can impart.

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Many people go on employing these soaps, year in, year out, in ignorance, and are surprised when they do "catch" skin disease through the tissues having been wrinkled and dried up, and made no longer strong enough to resist the assault of ever-present germs.

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toilet requisite.

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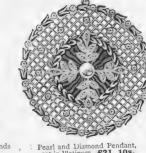
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as the tyre can still be retreaded, there is life in the old dog yet.

Writing of Tyre Lore **Dunloptyres** Invaluable. reminds me that I am just in receipt of a most interesting and useful publication entitled "Dunlop Britishmade Tyres," which should be in the hands of every motor - user and on the desk of every motor trader. The work, which is beautifully produced, is divided into eight sections—namely, Tyre Prices, Repair Prices, Practical Points, Detachable Rim, Detachable Wheel, Tyre Manipulation, Sundries, and (horrid word) Stockists. The price-list is comprehensibly set out, and the repair prices are of great utility. In the sections devoted to Practical Points and Tyre

Manipulation the private owner - driver and the chauffeur will find much sound and lucid information, which, if carefully studied and followed, will conduce to convenience and economy. glance through the Sundries pages will enable an owner to realise what he should possess for complete equipment in the matter of tyres. The list of Dunlop Stockists in Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and other countries should ensure a pocket on the car for this most useful work.



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As illustrating the vagaries of the English climate, it may be mentioned that a few minutes after the above photograph was taken, on a bright, clear afternoon, a snowstorm suddenly broke over Coventry, completely altering the aspect of the scene.



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April 6, 1910.

Signature

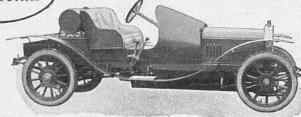
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An automobile of highest grade at a moderate price.

12/16 h.p. 4-cylinder Model

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"It possesses the advantage of low price, absolute silence, and low upkeep, so that it should appeal strongly to the man with a moderate purse."-

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Coachwork has a world-wide reputation for thoroughness of construction, elegance of design, style, luxury and finish.

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> DLER CARS.

THE DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON.

The Sick Man of Africa.

If he is still living, the Emperor Menelik must be enjoying the privilege of reading the obituary notices which certain London papers have

lavished upon him. News travels as fast in Abyssinia as here, for bad roads do not check the telegraph, of which this wise ruler has over a thousand miles in his country, to say nothing of a telephone service which puts him, through Italian connections, in immediate touch with the outer world. Once convinced of the wisdom of instituting things like telegraph and telephone, the Negus is a man to see the matter through. It is easy for him: there are no pestilent questions of way-leave. Every inch of the land, and all that therein is, belong to him alone. Not right of property, but superstition was his only hindrance; the natives, in their fear, cut his wires. But Menelik has the fine old Hammurabian manner. He issued a decree: "Every man who cuts a telegraph or telephone wire shall have his right hand lopped off." The clincher came, however, in the tacking: the offender's property should be sold to make good the damage. Telephones and telegraphs flourish in Abyssinia today, and the Negus gets his news right early.

The Men He Rules.

He needs rough-and-ready methods, for the men he rules are as picturesquely lawless as any of Bret Harte's heroes. Menelik, who had a liking for Captain Welby, lent him an escort of picked men to take him through the country. Rare good fellows they were in all but respect for human life. Came a native to the camp leading a camel. He poured out sand like water in token of amity. A couple of Abyssinians squatted and began to pot at him with their rifles. More and more sand the oncoming stranger strewed upon the desert, more and more shots whistled round him, till he was night the camp. Then the stranger began to think things unfriendly, and looked his fears, with the result that one of the snipers ran a spear clean through him. Those are the men of whom Menelik handles 100,000 on a great march as if they were children.

A Dual
Personality.

There are two Meneliks. There is the man who breaks off international negotiations to hobble away in mutilated European boots to superintend, patriarch-like, the distribution of rations to his servants. There is the monarch striving to Europeanise himself. When Sir Rennell Rodd presented the English gifts to him—robes of fur, magnificent plate, rifles, field-glasses, and books printed in Ethiopian characters—he was honestly moved and delighted.

"Other nations," he said, "have treated me like a baby and given me musical-boxes and magic-lanterns; but you have brought me that which is really useful—things such as I have never seen before." Yet, a minute later, as a distinguished Life Guardsman, who was of the company, stalked away in his magnificent cuirass, one of Menelik's chief men remarked aloud, "He must be a coward! He has a shield which covers his back." And a day or two later, a favoured warrior of the sable monarch was gaily sporting, as a helmet, the cover of a massive silver soup-tureen which Menelik had given him after receiving it from a European monarch.

Menelik's Crown in London.

Ten years ago it was "authoritatively" announced that Menelik desired to pay us a visit, and that Sir Rennell Rodd was to pilot him round. One cannot but wonder if Sir Rennell would have managed to keep him clear of South Kensington Museum. There is in that august repository an article which might set the Ethiopian heather blazing. Menelik's crown is among its treasures, though mayhap the King of Kings knows it not. When King Theodore was crushed his crown fell into the hands of a discriminating Tommy. The latter, preferring minted gold to the beaten ditto, sold the precious crown to a Prussian officer who happened to be attached to the expedition. The officer, with burning loyalty, laid the symbol at the feet of his sovereign. The latter, happily, remembered Lord Napier's warning forbidding the sale of articles taken by the army; and handed over the crown to our Government, by whom it was deposited at South Kensington. This emblem of sovereignty is of pure gold, 13\frac{3}{4} in. high and 11 in. in diameter, and South Kensington is not inviting tenders for it.

Tobacconists have been telling us that the ills which were to overtake their trade have not materialised. How could evil come to them from a Chancellor of the Exchequer? Why, the Chancellor, as Chancellor, encourages by personal example that very waste which makes the cigarette-manufacturer's fortune. He cannot smoke cigars, for someone is always calling and compelling him to put down his smoke. So he takes to a cigarette, with which he can dispense at a moment's notice. It was Mr. Austen Chamberlain who introduced this compromise between a cigar and no smoke. He tried to popularise it with all Chancellors past and prospective, and offered one of his cigarettes to Sir William Harcourt. The Titan examined the little thing minutely. Then he waved it aside. "I have no petty vices," he said, "give me a cigar this minute."

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R. S. FENELLA.

An exceedingly smart and stylish Corset, specially adapted to the present style of dress, cut very deep over the hips, and quite low in the bust, giving perfect freedom to the figure. In All-White Broché, strong, durable cloth, htted four rubber grip suspenders.

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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL (Feb. 19, 1910.)

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